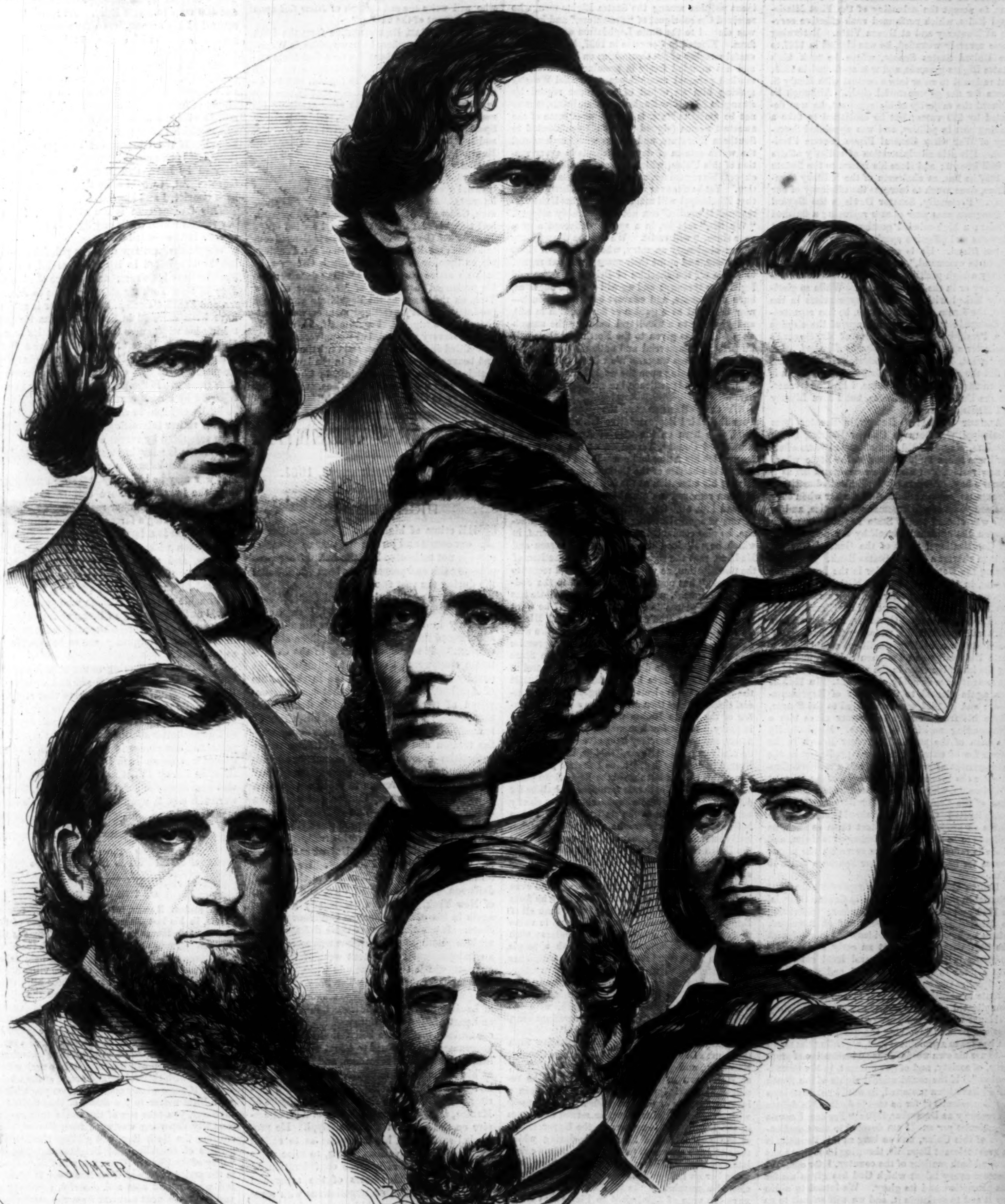
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. V.—No. 214.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



REUBEN DAVIS.
LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.

SENATOR JEFFERSON DAVIS.
SENATOR ALBERT G. BROWN.
WILLIAM BARKSDALE.

OTHO R. SINGLETON.
JOHN J. M'RAE.

THE SECEDING MISSISSIPPI DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

THE MISSISSIPPI DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

Jefferson Davis, a Senator from Mississippi, is the son of Samuel Davis, a Revolutionary soldier, and was born in Kentucky on the 3d of June, 1808. Soon afterward his father removed to Mississippi, where he received his elementary education, and then entered Transylvania University, Kentucky, from whence he entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1824. After graduating, he served with such ability in the line and staff, that when a new regiment of dragoons was raised in 1833 he received a first lieutenant's commission therein, and for two years was actively engaged in the expeditions against the Indians at the Northwest. Resigning his commission in 1835, he settled down on his plantation, devoting much of his time to the study of political economy, until in 1843 he was tempted from his retirement to "take the stump" in behalf of the Democratic party, and was so zealous a champion, that he was nominated and afterward elected a member of the Electoral College which gave the vote of Mississippi to Polk and Dallas. In 1855 he was elected to Congress, but resigned at the commencement of the Mexican war, to accept the colonelcy of the First Mississippi Rifles, which performed such effective service at Monterey and at Buena Vista. Returning home severely wounded, he was elected in 1847 to the United States Senate, where he took high States Rights grounds, and was re-elected in 1851, but resigned to enter into a contest with Henry S. Foote for the gubernatorial chair. Although he reduced the majority of his opponent, he was defeated by 999 votes; but he continued to take a leading part in politics, and was appointed Secretary of War when General Pierce became President. His able administration of military affairs is well known; and since his return to the Senate in 1857 he has, as chairman of the Military Committee, done much to increase the efficiency of our army. Personally, Senator Davis is the Bayard of Congress, *sans peur et sans reproche*; a finished scholar; a high-minded gentleman; an easy, yet vigorous and effective speaker; a devoted father; a true friend. He is emphatically one of those "born to command," and is doubtless destined to occupy a high position, either in the Southern Confederacy or in the United States. While so gloriously linked with the Union, by services in the field, the forum, and the cabinet, he has repeatedly declared: "In the contingency of the election of a President on the platform of Mr. Seward's Rochester speech, *let the Union be dissolved.* Let the 'great, but not the greatest, evil' come; for, as did the great and good Calhoun, from whom is drawn that expression of value, I love and venerate the Union of these States, but I love Liberty and Mississippi more."

Albert Gallatin Brown, a Senator from Mississippi, was born in Chester District, South Carolina, May 31, 1813, and about ten years afterward was taken by his father to the State where he now resides, and where he commenced life as a farmer's boy. After receiving limited educational advantages, he was admitted to the bar when only nineteen years of age, commenced practice, and in 1835 was elected to the State Legislature, where he soon distinguished himself by a report against the Constitutional right of the General Government to charter a United States Bank. After becoming the Democratic leader in the Legislature, he was, in 1839, elected to the National House of Representatives, and, after declining a re-nomination, was placed on the bench of the Circuit Court. In 1844 he was elected Governor, and served four years with great credit, restoring the finances of the State to a healthy condition, establishing a State University and Common Schools, and taking the initiative steps in the works of internal improvement since so nobly carried out. In 1849 he was again elected to the House of Representatives; and in 1854 was transferred to the Senate, where his frank, energetic manner gives him a commanding position in debate. Emphatically "a man of the people," Governor Brown is the sworn foe of extravagance and profligacy in the management of public affairs, and a zealous advocate for the interests of the people of the District of Columbia, who are represented by him as chairman of the Committee on Territories. That the Confederated Government should acknowledge slaves as property, and protect them as such, he believes to be the right of Mississippi to claim, and if she is refused he considers secession the proper course for her and every other Southern State to take.

Lucius Q. C. Lamar, who represents the First District in the House, was born in Central Georgia, in 1820, and was educated for the bar. Removing to Mississippi, he located himself at Aberdeen, where he now resides, and identified himself with the States Rights party at an early period of its existence. After filling several local offices, he was elected to Congress in 1857, and was placed by Speaker Orr on the Committee on Elections—a tribute to abilities for careful investigation of the complicated questions and the often contradictory evidence which accompany contests for seats. In various debates involving the question of slavery he has taken a prominent part, regarding the negro—to use his own words—"as an institution of property, of society, and of government, in the Constitution." If the constitutional rights of the South could have been protected, he would not have been a "Secessionist;" for he openly declared in debate so recently as December, 1859: "For one, I am no disunionist *per se.* I am devoted to the Constitution of this Union, and so long as this Republic is a great tolerant Republic, throwing its loving arms around both sections of the country, I, for one, will bestow every talent which God has given me for its promotion and its glory. We intend to abide by it and to maintain it, and we will submit to no persistent violation of its provisions. I do not say it for any purpose of menace, but for the purpose of defining my own position. When it is violated, persistently violated—when its spirit is no longer observed upon this floor—I war upon your government; I am against it. I raise then the banner of secession, and I will fight under it as long as the blood flows and ebbs in my veins."

Reuben Davis, the Representative from the Second District, is the son of a Virginian who fought under General Washington in the revolutionary struggle, and who removed in 1813 to Tennessee, where Reuben was born in January, 1813. After acquiring such an education as the limited means of his father permitted, he went to Alabama, and thence to Mississippi, where he studied medicine and practiced a short time. Returning to Alabama he read law, as a profession more congenial to his tastes, and was admitted to the bar at Tuscaloosa, after which he removed to Aberdeen, in Mississippi, where he has since resided. In 1835 and in 1837 he was chosen District Attorney for the Sixth Judicial District, and in 1842 he was appointed to a seat on the bench of the State High Court of Errors. In 1847 he was chosen colonel of the Second Mississippi Regiment, which did not arrive in season for the battle of Buena Vista, but was retained by General Taylor in the column under his command until the expiration of its term of service. In 1851 Colonel Davis took a prominent position among the States Rights men, who received the sobriquet of "fire-eaters," and in 1855 was elected to the State Legislature on that platform. Elected to Congress in 1857, he has been a useful member of the Committee on Postal Affairs, and has mingled freely in prominent debates, his marked personal resemblance to Daniel Webster making him an object of prominent regard by strangers from New England. Mrs. Davis, it may not be amiss to state, is the writer of some of the sweetest poems (signed "Hinda") contributed to Southern literature, and shares with her husband the warm esteem of devoted friends in every section of this Union, which he has never hesitated to express his regard for, as protected by the Constitution. Yet he has ever warned his Northern friends that Mississippi will maintain her rights if the "irrepressible conflict" can not be honorably stopped. "We, Sir," said he, in a speech delivered over a year since, "will resist. We are the descendants of a revolutionary ancestry, who spilled their blood like water, and spent their money without regret, to strike off the shackles of British injustice and legislative tyranny; and we will sacrifice our lives, burn our houses, and convert our sunny South—now beautiful as a garden of flowers, rich in soil, and yielding to agricultural industry the abundance which has given to the North and the world its present commercial and national prosperity—into a wilderness waste. We will do it, Sir, at the hazard of bringing upon the world bankruptcy and ruin, famine and pestilence, lamentation and mourning."

William Barksdale, the popular member from the Third Representative District of Mississippi, was born on the 21st of August, 1821, in Rutherford County, Tennessee, at the homestead from which his father had gone, in the war of 1812, to fight the battles of the Confederacy. After receiving his education at the Nashville University, William removed to Columbus, Mississippi, where he read law, and was admitted to the bar before he was of age. Entering upon a successful practice, he also conducted the Columbus *Democrat*, in which he sustained the doctrine of Jefferson and Madison, that the right to judge of "infractions of the Constitution, as well as the mode and measure of redress," has never been delegated to the Federal Government, and consequently each State has the right of peaceable secession. In 1847 he went to Mexico, as a staff officer in the Second Mississippi Regiment, performing his arduous duties with recognized ability. Opposed to the compromise measures of 1850, he was a member of the State Convention called to discuss them in 1851; and in 1853 (the Legislature having failed to re-district the State) he was elected to Congress on the general ticket. Since then, he has been a leading member of the States Rights wing of the Democratic party, and his frank manners, pleasing countenance, and social courtesy have given weight to his decided remarks. "Never," said he, in a speech delivered in January last, "have I desired a dissolution of this Union; but should the Republican party obtain the control of the Government, I shall be for disunion. Heretofore its burdens have been chiefly borne by the South, as the statistics which I have before me will clearly prove: and we have patriotically submitted to it because of our veneration for the Union of our fathers. For the future, I would demand that all the compromises and guarantees of the Constitution shall be rigidly enforced, and I would stake the Union upon the issue. And even in the event of its dissolution, I shall have no fears for the South. With a territory larger than all of Europe; with our cotton now swelling up in value to more than two hundred million dollars; with our rice, and sugar, and tobacco; with a people united in feeling and sentiment, she has within her own borders all the elements of a splendid republic. If, then, we are to have no peace; if these aggressions are still to be continued; if this sectional warfare is never to cease, the South, with the strong arms and brave hearts of her gallant sons, will build up her own eternal destiny."

Otho R. Singleton, the Representative from the Fourth District, was born in Jessamine County, Kentucky, and graduated at St. Joseph's College, at Bardstown in that State, after which he removed to Mississippi, where he has since been a leading member of the bar. Identifying himself with the States Rights party, he served two years in the Lower, and six years in the Upper House of the Legislature of Mississippi, during which time he took an active part in all measures calculated to develop the resources of the State, and make her an independent power. In 1852 he was elected a member of the Electoral College which gave the vote of Mississippi to Pierce and King, and the following year he was elected to Congress. In discussing the great question of the day he has ever taken what were considered such ultra Southern views that he was opposed by a more conservative States Right Democrat at the Election for the Thirty-Sixth Congress, but in a district of 14,000 votes he was elected by a majority of 5564, showing that he represents his constituents. He has never hesitated in proclaiming that, in his opinion, the election of a Republican President would bring on resistance at the South, and in 1859 announced in debate that the only plan for preserving the Union was this: "You of the North must recede at once from the position you have taken; throw open the Territories to us; acknowledge our right to settle them; declare to the world that, if a Territory apply for admission as a slave State, you will at once, and without any reservation, admit her; execute the Fugitive Slave Law; however unpleasant it may be to you, give assurance to the people of the South, that when their slaves run away, you will, at least, interpose no obstacles to their recovery; cease your eternal war upon this institution, and then we may expect the storm to subside, the political waters to recede, and the vessel of state to right herself, and dance gayly away before a prosperous breeze. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I tell you that, unless you do this, unless you desist from the course which you are pursuing, the historian now lives who will write the sad epitaph of *Ilium fuit* upon the monument of the nation."

John J. M'Rae, Representative from the Fifth District, was born where he now resides, in Wayne County, Mississippi, about the time that State was admitted into the Union. Receiving a thorough education, he was admitted to the bar, and so distinguished himself as an advocate that he was sent to the State Legislature soon after attaining his majority. Repeatedly re-elected, and twice chosen Speaker, he was, in 1850, transferred to the Senate, and in 1854 was elected Governor, succeeding Hon. Henry S. Foote. While in the gubernatorial chair he distinguished himself in advancing the internal improvements of the State, in perfecting her educational system, and in developing her mechanical interests. After the death of the lamented Quitman, Governor M'Rae was elected as his successor, and took his seat during the second session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress. During the prolonged contest which resulted in the election of Mr. Pennington as Speaker of the Thirty-Sixth Congress, he took an active part in the exciting debates; and his prolonged catechising of Mr. Carter of New York, on the tenets of the Republican party, in a good-natured yet determined manner, was a feature of the struggle. For himself, he not only deemed slavery national, but "a universal institution of God and man, nature and Christianity, earth and heaven—having its origin in the law of God, sustained by the Bible, sustained by Christianity, sustained by the laws of all nations, sustained by all history in all parts of the world."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 2, 1861.

HIGH TREASON.

THE crime of high treason is unfamiliar to our courts and juries; the very word—treason—is not understood by the bulk of our people—so calm and peaceful has been our national life during the past two generations.

"Treason against the United States," says the Constitution (Art. 3, Sect. 3), "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." A subsequent clause in the Constitution empowered Congress to pronounce the penalty of treason, which it did in the statute of April 30, 1790, declaring that persons convicted of treason should "suffer death," and that persons "adjudged guilty of misprision of treason"—that is to say, persons who knew of the treason and did not make it known to the authorities—should be "imprisoned not exceeding seven years, and fined not exceeding $1000." This is the law of treason in the United States.

There is but one very famous case of treason in our judicial records—that of Aaron Burr.

Fifty-six years have elapsed since Burr committed the acts which led to his trial. He had been Vice-President of the United States, and had vainly hoped to be President. He not only failed in that project, but on the re-election of Jefferson was set aside as Vice, and Clinton, of New York, chosen in his stead; he failed again in his effort to become Governor of this State. It was the smart of these defeats which set him plotting. His scheme was to establish an independent government west of the Alleghanies, which should include Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Territory of Louisiana (out of which we have since made the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas), and part of Mexico. Some of his letters and confessions justify the belief that the form of government he proposed to adopt was monarchical, with himself as sovereign, and New Orleans as his capital. At any rate, it is certain that he looked to the secession of the States and Territories mentioned, to the acquisition of part of Mexico, and to the consolidation of a great empire on the banks of the Mississippi. He proceeded so far with his enterprise as to collect bodies of men in various places, to seize some military posts, to secure the confederation of certain dissatisfied officers of the army and navy, and to enter into negotiations with some foreign Powers, whose aid he proposed to secure by allowing them peculiar commercial privileges. From the contemporaneous accounts of his proceedings it would seem that he obtained very considerable encouragement from the people of the Territories of Mississippi and Louisiana. It is supposed that the pulse of Jackson was felt, for in a letter to Claiborne he says: "I hate the Dons, and would like to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited." But at Frankfort, Kentucky, where Burr was arrested by a zealous district-attorney, he was triumphantly acquitted, and honored by a public ball afterward. Matters were working favorably enough for his schemes, a considerable force had been collected on Blennerhasset Island, and newspapers were sedulously engaged in imbuing the people on the Mississippi with secessionist doctrines, when President Jefferson issued his famous proclamation against Burr. This vigorous measure turned the tide. The people, brought face to face with the emergency, naturally took the side of the Government and loyalty. The Legislature of Ohio authorized the seizure of Burr's boats. The Legislature of Kentucky posted militia to guard the river. The Governor of Mississippi Territory called out 400 men to arrest Burr. At New Orleans several of his accomplices were arrested. The great secessionist himself was taken in Mississippi, sent to Richmond, Virginia, and there tried for high treason. Chief Justice Marshall presided, and charged the jury that there was no evidence of there having been any assemblages of men *in arms* to resist the Government, and no evidence to connect Burr with the gatherings which had taken place on Blennerhasset Island. If the Government had proved that there had been assemblages of men in arms, instigated by Burr, and intending to resist the Government, it would seem that he would have been convicted and hanged.

This famous case is the only precedent in our reports which sheds any light on the law of treason in the United States.

Within the past few days the painful subject has been agitated in legal and social circles. Persons have been summoned before the Grand Jury in New York for shipping arms to Alabama and South Carolina. A collector is said to have been arrested in South Carolina for protesting his willingness to pay over duties to the United States Government. Affidavits have been laid before the Supreme Court charging ex-members of the Cabinet and ex-Senators with treason. If the present controversy be not adjusted by a compromise our courts will soon be busily engaged in cases of treason.

Two rather interesting legal questions have been suggested by recent events:

1. What is "levying war" against the United States? Blackstone says (Book IV., p. 81) that war may be levied by "taking arms to reform the laws, to remove evil counselors, or other grievances whether real or pretended...... To resist the king's forces by defending a castle against them is a levying of war; and so is an insurrection with a view to pull down all inclosures, and the like." Chief-Justice Marshall said: "If a body of men be actually assembled for the purpose of effecting by force a treasonable purpose, all those who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors."

2. What is "adhering to the enemies of the United States, giving them aid and comfort?" Blackstone (Book IV., p. 82) says that "giving the enemy intelligence, sending him provisions, selling him arms," is giving him aid and comfort.

The authority of Blackstone is the more important as the clause in the Constitution above quoted was, as we learn from Curtis on the Constitution (Book IV., Chap. xii., p. 384), taken verbatim from the great English statute, 25 Edward III. cap. 2, upon which Blackstone's commentary is based.

THE LOUNGER.

ON THE WATCH.

Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, recommends, in his last Message, that the dome of the Boston State House be gilded. That dome is the most conspicuous object as you approach the city; and it is seen from all the neighboring heights, as the dome of St. Peter's is seen from the villas about Rome. Boston also sits upon its three hills, dark and massive, like a feudal baron; and the gilded dome would be only like a glittering crown, reminding the feudatory villages around of the grandeur of their lord. That lord ought to be proud of his subjects, for no city in the world had ever a more thrifty, prosperous, intelligent neighborhood of villages, which overlap and run into each other, contented with themselves and proud of the whole.

Now if, some winter morning, when you wish to get a little nearer to the secret of that thrift and character, you take one of the trains that are incessantly departing westward from Boston, after crossing the Back Bay, and gliding through the gardens of Brookline and Brighton, skirting the valley of the Charles River, you will find yourself in the pretty village of West Newton. It is white and wooden, and neat and cheerful, especially as you see it the next moment from the comfortable robes, wrapped in which you are slipping along the road behind a solid pair of horses, making music as they go. A few moments bring you to the road which winds above a broad basin of the Charles,

upon which they are cutting ice. The surface of the river is furrowed by a horse and machine, and the process looks to you like winter plowing. But yonder are spires among the trees; and nearer, upon the very edge of the river basin, is a low two-story building, full of windows. The spires are the spires of Waltham, and the many-windowed building is the factory of the American Watch Company.

Of all manufactures, that of watches must be the most exquisite and delicate. But why should Europe make our watches? asks common sense and the genius of American enterprise. Why should it? asks the American Watch Company; and in this factory that Company is demonstrating why we should make them for ourselves. And it is a very pretty and satisfactory answer to a very plain question.

There are some two hundred and forty or fifty hands employed, of which about a third are women, and only about a dozen in all are foreigners, mainly Englishmen; and the work is almost exclusively done by machinery, but machinery so delicate and beautiful that, when your mind has become a little excited by observing the innumerable and to you inexplicable processes of the different shops, you feel as if you had seen the human brain in full play, thinking out watches.

The fineness of the work is bewildering. Here are screws of which a hundred and fifty thousand make a pound. They are kept in little glass phials, like those of the Homeopathic medicine cases. And here are shavings of metal so fine that five thousand must be laid side by side to make an inch; and here are measures that will indicate the ten thousandth part of an inch. Here, with a flying steel point, touched with a paste of diamond-dust, the inside of the fine bores of the "jewels" are polishing; and here the galvanic process sets the pure gold upon the plates; while just beyond, wheels, with their outer rim studded with small wisps or brooms of brass wire, revolve with a velocity that makes the room hum, and impart to the plates that sparkling, frosty complexion which is peculiar to the inner plates of watches.

The precision of the work by machinery methodizes the whole business. The Company may have turned out about forty or fifty thousand watches, and these are all divided into different classes, sizes, etc. For instance, there may be a thousand or five thousand "foundations" cut and shaped to-day. They are all exactly of the same size; each line in one corresponds with the same in all the others. Each hole is drilled in precisely the same spot, so that the screw which will fit one hole in one will perfectly fit the corresponding hole in all. So with the wheels also; and if your watch in California or Hindostan loses some such part, you have only to send to the factory its number and class, and you have by return-mail the part wanting. Do you guess how it is packed? A thin layer of cork is cut open and the part inserted; then it is closed and tied with a bit of silk, put in an envelope, and dropped into the post-office.

Wondering and charmed, you follow on through the different work-shops of the cheerful and airy factory—for it is open every where to the sun, and there is no deleterious dust from any of the processes. There is one room—the Salamander room—in which the enamel for the dial is set in a fervid furnace, and the heat is not less than a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit.

And there is one pleasant impression—the pleasantest of all—that you bring away. While the infinite variety of machinery seems almost self-intelligent, the workmen and women impress you with the heartiest respect; and when, as you pause in the office, you are shown the beautiful watch that was recently given by the citizens of Waltham to the wife of Governor Banks, you are irresistibly reminded that he came out of a factory in this very town to be Speaker in Congress and Governor of his State, and reflect that, as you have just seen the making of watches that mark the time of day, so, among the makers, you have seen the men whose intelligence and ability mark the time of our civilization and progress—a time in which the welfare of society is getting to be more and more established upon the only permanently sure basis, the self-respect and intelligence of labor.

—There are the spires of Waltham—the pretty white town of West Newton—and, whiz! here are the steep tiers of dark brick-houses rising to the State House. You observe that Boston has not yet its gilt crown on; but remembering what you have seen—reflecting that now it is shown that we can furnish ourselves with the best watches so much more cheaply than when we import them—you will stop at the foot of the State House steps long enough to say, "You deserve a crown, because these things have been done under your eye and by your spirit."

Then, if you choose, you may rise and invite Beacon Street to give three cheers for the twentieth century!

ELIZA GILBERT.

LONG ago, when life was only a sunny lounge through Europe, a bright spring day shone upon pretty Munich as the Lounger and his friends, chanting Hohen-Linden, rolled up the cheerful streets of the little city. The Greek gleam in Munich is a little droll, because you do not look for it in a southern German city. It is not derived from the fact that Otho is the son of the old Lewis of Bavaria, so much as from the taste of the late King, which has erected Greek temples, and given them Greek names, and was universally loyal to the Hellenic genius.

We all went to the palace, which was very splendid, and new in many rooms. The great reception-hall, of polished marble, is one of the famous rooms of Europe. But the most interesting of all the rooms was the Gallery of Beauty—a collection of portraits of the most beautiful women in Europe, who had been at King Lewis's Court, or whom he had seen and especially admired. They were of every nation and complexion—Greek and English, Russian and Spanish—and among them a daughter of Mared Boyzaris. There was another portrait of a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman—who was that? It was the Countess of Landsfeldt; and in Kaulbach's studio, near by, there was a full-length portrait of the same dark-eyed woman.

From the palace we went to the "English Garden," a park laid out in the picturesque English style. There were sweeps of lawn, and thick shrubberies, and broad winding graveled avenues, pleasant to see after the formality of the French gardening; and as we strolled about in the warm sun a pony phaeton came rapidly up the avenue, slackened its speed as it passed us, while the driver looked at us with the dark eyes of the portrait—flashing, wayward eyes—the mass of dark hair coiled back from the face, and the head bending slightly as she passed.

In the evening the same party sat in the parquette at the opera. It was Auber's *Sirene*, a sweet, but half-forgotten work of the melodious Frenchman. The lively southern German audience enjoyed each pretty turn of the music; and several of the neighbors suddenly rising and looking round during one of the entr'actes, we also looked, and, in a sumptuous box, surrounded by a merry company, sat the lady of the pony phaeton, splendidly attired, and gayly chatting, waving a jeweled fan.

The other day, in a lonely room upon Long Island, with no friend but a humane Christian clergyman, died a poor paralytic. No friend followed at the burial, for there was no friend. Yet, H——, ave we lifted the lid of the coffin and looked in, do you suppose we should have recognized the dark-eyed woman whose portrait hung in the King's Gallery, who flashed so finely through the Park, and queened it so festally in the opera-box? For it was she—forlorn, forsaken, smitten; a by-word of contempt; Lola Montez. They engraved "Eliza Gilbert" upon her coffin, that the vanity of life might not descend with her body to the grave. What a pitiful tragedy! So fearfully friendless was she that censure is forgotten, and no words are strong enough fitly to point the moral. As the kind clergyman closed his book, and all that remained of her was hidden from human sight forever, may he not have murmured in his heart:

"Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour."

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

THE poor old King of Prussia, Frederick William Fourth, is dead at last, and will wash his face in macaroni soup no more. His brother, the late Regent, Prince of Prussia, known to us in the daguerreotypes for his tall, gaunt figure, his stern face, and the snowy whiteness of his hair, is now King of Prussia. It is his son who married Victoria's daughter, and the English Princess will one day be Queen of Prussia.

The poor old King! He was supposed to be clever once; but his brain was early confused with foolish ideas of divine royal right, and divine servile dependence. While it was only theory, it was not important. Kings, if they choose, may suppose that they have some divine right that other officers set to transact the business of this world have not. But they are pretty sure to be suddenly undeceived in these days, and poor Frederick William's undeceiving came on the 18th of March, 1848.

Three weeks before, the King of France had gone off in haste with a baggy umbrella under his arm and the crown falling off his head. He confided himself and his family to perfidious Albion, as all the other Frenchmen, in turn, do, and have done, from the *emigrés* of '93 down to Monsieur L. N. Bonaparte. Europe began to ripple with the commotion that commenced in Paris, and one evening the extending wave reached Berlin, and a charge of cavalry cleared the street, with a few sabre cuts among the *canaille*, right and left. The city was wonderfully excited and troops were concentrated upon it. The Assembly met and, to the general surprise, the poor old King, with all his fine theories of divine right, granted a national guard and made other promises. All Berlin flocked to the palace to say "Thank you, King Frederick William." But at the very moment in which he stood upon the balcony, surrounded by the royal family, and bowing his acknowledgments, by some criminal mistake the soldiers charged upon the people. The people suspected treachery: it was a mutual suspicion, for the soldiers suspected the same, and the people poured from the court of the palace into the city, crying vengeance and to arms.

At that moment the Lounger saw the present Queen of Prussia hurrying into her carriage at her palace door, and disappear with furious speed toward the King's palace. It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon. By eight at night there was general battle throughout the city between the troops and the people. The next morning was Sunday. The city was profoundly and unnaturally still. The troops slept upon the barricades, and the poor old King had conquered his people: but it was the late Regent, the present King, the tall, gaunt, stern, and white-haired Prince of Prussia who had commanded the troops, and it was he who was cursed by the sullen people, who passed the day in active preparation for a renewed fight.

But with the sunset came concessions from the King, and the famous proclamation *liebe Berliner*, dear Berlin children of my heart. The King offered to put himself at the head of a reconstructed German empire. The people were pacified; and through the same streets in which on Saturday his troops had shot the people, the King rode on horseback on Wednesday, in a military costume, cheered by the people, and thinking himself already Emperor of Germany—or, perhaps, only playing think so, for the sake of peace.

It was the last time I saw his Majesty. Champagne and foolish feudal notions softened his brain, and the poor old King has been for some years a pitiable spectacle. He is dead at last—possibly nobody shedding a tear, and the white hairs of the gaunt brother are crowned. Probably his heart does not leap much as his head feels the crown. For in the days that have dawned upon Europe and the world a crown is no plaything.

THE NEW NOVEL.

In the last Number of *Harper's Monthly* Thackeray begins his new Story of Philip, in which we are to learn who helped him, who harmed him, and who passed him by. As the curtain rises we see several of our old friends upon the stage. Major Pendennis and his nephew Arthur, his own biographer and that of his young friend Clive Newcome, in later days, and now of Philip Firmin. Grey Friars' school, too, in which old Colonel Newcome said *adsum* while the evening bell tolled—Colonel Newcome, one of the tenderest and truest characters in our modern literature—Grey Friars' school appears again.

Some of the English critics cry out upon these old acquaintances and the old places, and want to know if Thackeray has actually run dry and has no new characters to offer. Softly, softly, dear Sirs. "Is the old so bad?" A few touches, a floating strain from the old symphony only attunes us more willingly to the new. It is a novel of society that we are to have; but what would you wish? Must not Horace Vernet paint battle-pieces? Does not Dr. Firmin step upon the scene as firmly as the old Major? Is Vanity Fair closed? Or are you tired of hearing about it? Never: the chief interest of "Society" is "Society."

Every instrument has a certain range: Walter Scott played marvelous pleasant tunes of Scotland and feudalism. Dickens is most Dickens in a half grotesque, half extravagant realm. Fielding was the laureate of English life in certain aspects, and Thackeray in some others. It seems to be understood by the Thackeray party that the novelist has given himself with peculiar interest to this novel—not only to maintain his old reputation, but to hold his own against the anti-Thackerayites who have increased of late. For Thackeray is an editor of a popular Magazine. There are very many aspirants for place upon its pages, and as they are severally unsuccessful, they have naturally no love for the editor. Then Thackeray has been needlessly sore about the assaults of the *Saturday Review*, and those of various correspondents for newspapers; and he feels unquestionably that he has now to conquer back to their allegiance some, at least, of his old admirers.

Already in the initial number it is not difficult to recognize the old touch, the sad, delicate sarcasm, the sharp stroke at the snob, and the tender sympathy with misfortune. The simple sinewy Saxon in which he delights and makes others delight, gives a perfect transparency to his style; and we may anticipate for several months a feast of pure English undefiled, and the clear-cut groups of a great master of fiction.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IF a pretty Young Lady talked too much would it be ungallant to admire her, but to qualify it by saying that her beauty was *un peu trop prononcé*.

DESTROYING THE ENEMY'S WORKS.

At the sack of the Emperor's Palace at Pekin, a number of valuable watches and clocks were destroyed. We suppose the soldiers did it as an amusement merely by way of killing time.

THE UNITED EFFORT OF SIX ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.—What color is it that contains several? An umber (*a number*).

RIDDLE FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.—When is a young lady like a poacher? When she has her hair in a net.

SERENADE.

To be Sung in a Slouched Hat and Spanish Cloak, with a Guitar, and a Flute obbligato.

The words printed in italics in the following Song are intended to represent the accompaniment of wind and stringed instruments:

List, Angelina, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
And they say to you,
Oh—*tootle-tootle-too*,
Angelina dear, Good-night!

The heron has gone to rest
On the banks of the Tweed-*le deedle-dee*,
And the thrush and the linnet
Have flown this minute
To the tree, to the *tum-tum* tree!

This, *diddle-dum, diddle-dum*,
This, *diddle-dum, diddle-DIDO*,
This is the melodie
Of your fond Fido!

Refrain appassionato.
List, Angelina, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
They say to you
Oh-*tootle-tootle-too;*
They cry to thee
Oh-*tootle-tootle-tee;*
Diddle-diddle-diddle-dear, Good-night!

The Chinese have a saying that "only fools and beggars feel the cold. The one have not the wit to clothe adequately, the others are too poor to provide necessary clothing."

"There is no place like home," said a fop, the other evening to a pretty young lady. "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes," was the reply. "Then," said she, "why don't you stay there?"

A STEELED HEART.—"I am afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman, during a thunder-storm. "Well you may be," said a despairing lover, "when your heart is steel."

An actor fell through a loose trap as he was leaving the stage. Emerging instantly afterward, he was met with a hearty laugh, and the remark of a wag, "I was sorry to see you *descend* to such 'clap-trap' manœuvres as that." "Yes," was his quick reply; "but you'll admit I never undertake any thing without going *through*."

CAN'T TAKE ANY THING STRONG.—"Digby, will you take some of this butter?" "Thank you, ma'am, I belong to the temperance society—can't take any thing strong," replied Digby.

Women can easily preserve their youth; for she who captivates the heart and understanding never grows old.

BACHELORS, ATTENTION!—The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wail:"—There are some sad sights in this world; a city sacked and burned—a battle-field after a great slaughter—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a jug of treacle upset upon the pavement. All bad, it is true. But to us, the saddest sight of all is an old bachelor wearing toward the end of his journey of life, his great duties undone. Poor fellow! just look at him: his shirt-buttons off—his stockings out at toes—not a son or daughter, not a relative to drop a tear, close his eyes in death, or to leave his money to—nobody, in fact, to care for him—"shunned by saint an' sinner!" Were we such a man—or rather half of a man—the mild reproving eye of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad! But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly!

DONALD AND THE COCKNEYS.—Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyleshire last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking—"You have a fine view here; you will see a great way." "Ou ay, ou ay, a ferry great way." "Ah! you will see America here?" "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "Ou, just wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune!"

THE YANKEE AND THE FOOTMAN.—During the visit of the Prince of Wales to the American shores, not only were the Duke of Newcastle, Earl St. Germains, Lord Lyons, and others connected with the Prince's suite the objects of great attraction, but the footmen also came in for a share. One of them was very much bothered by an American, who mistook him for Lord Lyons. John did not think it worth while to undeceive the inquisitive individual, and let him talk on. At length Jonathan spoke something in this style: "This is a mighty fine country, ain't it? You've got nothing like it in England, 'ev you? How fur 'ev you bin? From Detrite to Chicago and St. Lewis, etc.? My! Come now, ain't it a fine country; don't you like it?" John, thus addressed, assumed his most aristocratic air, pulled down his waistcoat, stroked his chin, and in the most serious tone possible, said—"Like it, certainly. If it's all as good as the portion we have passed through, I will buy it before I go home!"

THE TOYMAN'S "LAMB."—A toyman who had recently taken to himself a wife, was exceedingly tender to her in epithet; his frequent address to her was "My lamb." One day a little dirty-faced boy asked for a toy, and the busy toyman said, "My lamb, serve that boy, please." The boy was served and sent away, but soon returned to have his toy changed. The toyman doubted whether it had been bought at his shop, and asked, "Who served ye?"—The lad replied, "It war the lam', Sir."—The toyman exchanged the toy, and for the future addressed his wife as if she were a rational creature.

A CONTENTED LIFE.

(At Thirty.)
Five hundred pounds I have saved—
A rather moderate store—
No matter; I shall be content
When I've a little more.

(At Forty.)
Well, I can count ten thousand now—
That's better than before;
And I may well be satisfied
When I've a little more.

(At Fifty.)
Some fifty thousand—pretty well—
But I have earned it sore;
However, I shall not complain
When I've a little more.

(At Sixty.)
One hundred thousand—sick and old—
Ah, life is half a bore!
Yet I can be content to live
When I've a little more.

(At Seventy.)
He dies—and to his greedy heirs
He leaves a countless store;
His wealth has purchased him a tomb—
And very little more!

In the examination of an Irish case for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining the witness, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped? He answered, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight, of course."

"Why is it, husband, that whenever we send for a pound of tea or coffee to the grocer it falls an ounce short?" "Oh, it's just *a weigh* he has."

"Well, Susan, what do you think of married ladies being happy?" "Why, I think there are more *ain't* that *is* than *is* that *ain't*."

A royal soul may belong to a beggar and a beggarly one to a king.

"Sir, you have broken your promise." "Oh, never mind; I can make another just as good."

"I have given you ı honest opinion, Madam." "Sir, you never had one."

Every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.

The purest joy we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a pair of new boots. To have time set easy, your garments must set the example.

THE LAUGHING GAMUT.—To perform the laughing gamut, without pause or mistake, thus:

ha
ha ha
a ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha
ha ha

A SEASONABLE HINT.—Don't undertake to throw cold water on your wife's darling schemes, unless you want to get into hot.

Say this correctly without stopping: "Bandy-legg'd Borachio Mustachio Whiskerifusticus the bald and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abomilique Blue-Beard Bashaw of Babelmandeb to beat down an abominable Bumble Bee at Balsora."

Uniform love is now defined as the love of a girl for a volunteer.

It is supposed the fellow who left the house was not able to take it with him.

The Parisians have a delicate mode of expressing delicate ideas. We were recently walking through the Passage des Panoramas on the boulevard, when we remarked the following notice stuck upon the door of a closed shop: "Business suspended here to-day, to complete the conjugal copartnership."

Don't be cross because you are turning gray. If you are grizzly, you needn't be a grizzly bear.

Be careful how you jest. The richest joke of the season may be a very unseasonable one, and produce a very bad crop.

"My sister," said a poor man with a large family, "is a fine specimen of artificial ice. She lately received a legacy, and immediately became a lump of ice to me."

RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

In the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in an easy-chair, dreaming of by-gone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass, and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold:
Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary, drizzling rain,
And the hum of his comrades' voices, that he never should hear again;
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died.
He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's hearth-stone and told her the cruel tale.
"Ay, ay!" in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave,
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.
But we routed the British legions, and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain;
I thought I was young, and a soldier, fighting for freedom again:
I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe,
And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen snow.
But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—
Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah, well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low,
When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago!
I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.
I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker's Hill.
And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band
That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land;
The children of the heroes around whose memory clings
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs!
I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars;
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again.
If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave
Is that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the grave;
For I could not breathe with traitors, nor turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living, when the States are no longer one."

SARAH T. BOLTON.

UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE.

"HA, MARIAN! well met, fair maid! Where roaming this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "My Lord, to lease the corn."
Her hair with blossoms wild bedeck'd, her cheek with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast as a bride.

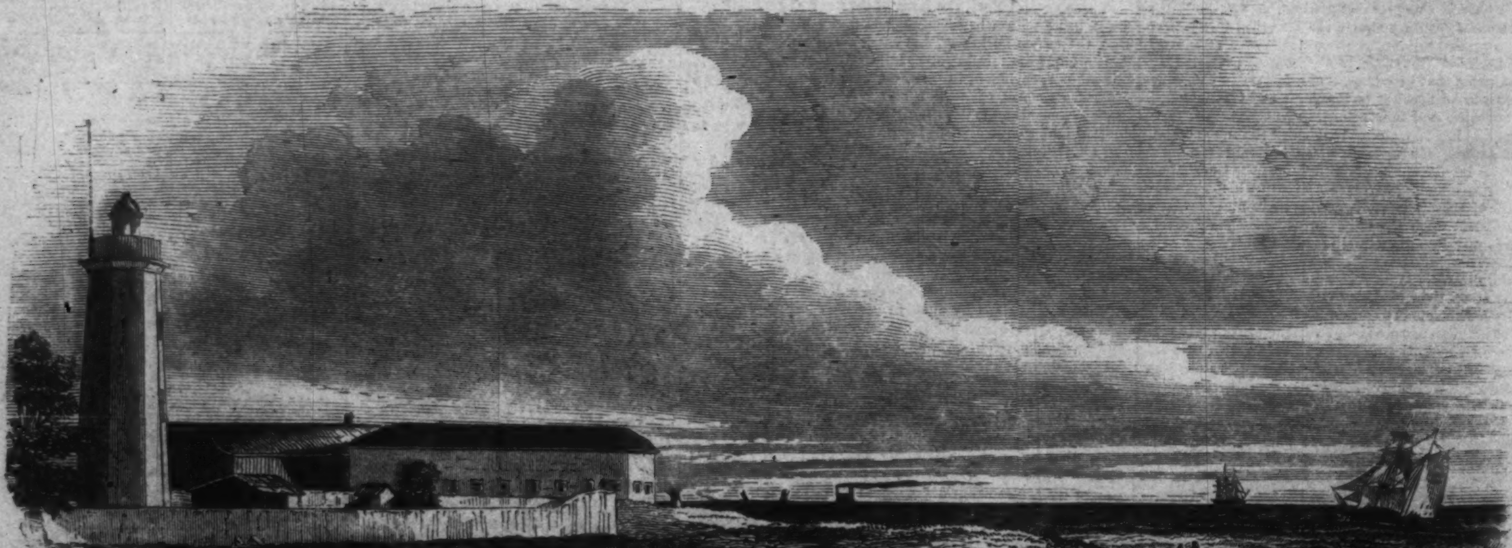
"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness of thy brow;
The coarse, harsh stubble of the fields these little hands will spoil;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat and toil.

"Come, fairest, come, why linger still? Such rude employment leave;
Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wander as at eve.
Have you that happy hour forgot—my murmur'd vows and sighs?
Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer in thine eyes!"

Fair Marian at his bidding turns; they pace beneath the trees,
Whose tall and tender columns wave and mutter with each breeze.
But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the blush forsakes her cheek.
"What is it troubles Marian so? Speak, little maiden, speak."

But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and thinks a while;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on with careless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's distant hum:
Impatiently at last he cries, "My sweetest, art thou dumb?"

Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, upturn'd her pretty face,
Fair Marian says with earnest air, yet full of modest grace,
"The words you whisper'd me last night, and once we met before,



SEA BATTERY, FORT MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

Were best unsaid—must be forgot—and we must meet no more.

"Nay, hear me, while I tell you how, in listening to those vows,
With joyful heart methought I heard the waving fir-tree boughs
Say, as the soft wind through them sang, 'Such fond words must be true.
Ah! happy, happy Marian! he loves and loves but you!'

"We parted—homeward went your steps, but mine here linger'd still,
Lest other eyes should guess what hopes my flutt'ring bosom fill;
But as I mused, another song the trees sang in mine ear,
'Ah, simple, simple Marian! Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'

"Then askèd I my sinking heart—Can such change be in life?
The daughter of the laboring man become the noble's wife?
Inured to earn my daily bread, the child of want and care,
Can such as I the gems of wealth be ever meant to wear?

"Then askèd I again my heart—'But could my lord mean guile?
Would one so great as he deceive poor Marian with a smile?
The untarnish'd honor of his house, his name be all forgot?'
So mournfully the branches waved, I trembling fled the spot!

"And through the long and wakeful night still sounded in mine ear
The soughing of those fir-tree boughs—'Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'
My lord, I have no more to tell, my inmost thought you know."
But now her falt'ring voice in vain essays to bid him go.

The young man listened with his head bent down upon his breast.
He answered, "Little friend, forgive this sad and sorry jest;
In seeing you so beautiful, I have been much to blame,
For trifling with so pure a heart, regardless of your fame!"

Bending yet lower, that fair face he once more looks upon.
"Forgive—forget me, Marian." One kiss, and he is gone!
Faintly, more faintly falls his step—it dies in far-off grove,
And with it fades the maiden's dream, her first sweet dream of love.

Up, up, there is no longer time here grievingly to stay;
For in the fields ask many tongues "Where Marian is to-day?"
The griefs and cares of poverty must workfully be borne;
But Marian's tears fall thick and fast, while leasing in the corn.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XV.

WITH my head full of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that *I* must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at all events that as her near relation, popularly known to be under obligations to her, I was a more legitimate object of suspicion than any one else. But when, in the clearer light of next morning, I began to reconsider the matter and to hear it discussed around me on all sides, I took another view of the case which was more reasonable.

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten. While he was there my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door, and had exchanged Good-night with a farm-laborer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be) than that it must have been before nine. When Joe went home at five minutes before ten he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance. The fire had not then burned unusually low, nor was the snuff of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out.

Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither, beyond the blowing out of the candle—which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck—was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made in falling and bleeding. But there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blunt and heavy on the head and spine; after the blows were dealt, something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

Now Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed asunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming thence to examine the iron, Joe's opinion was corroborated. They did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-ships, to which it undoubtedly had once belonged; but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of two convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already retaken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inference of my own here. I believed the iron to be my convict's iron—the iron I had seen and heard him filing at on the marshes—but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use. For I believed one of two other persons to have become possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account. Either Orlick or the strange man who had shown me the file.

Now as to Orlick, he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike; he had been seen about town all the evening, he had been in divers companies in several public houses, and he had come back with myself and Mr. Wopsle. There was nothing against him save the quarrel; and my sister had quarreled with him, and with every body else about her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man, if he had come back for his two bank-notes there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully prepared to restore them. Besides, there had been no altercation; the assailant had come in so silent and suddenly that she had been felled before she could look round.

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood, and tell Joe all the story. For months afterward I every day settled the question finally in the negative, and reopened and reargued it next morning. The contention came, after all, to this; the secret was such an old one now, had so grown into me and become a part of myself, that I could not tear it away. In addition to the dread that, having led up to so much mischief, it would be now more likely than ever to alienate Joe from me if he believed it, I had the further restraining dread that he would not believe it, but would assort it with the fabulous dogs and veal cutlets as a monstrous invention. However, I temporized with myself, of course—for, was I not wavering between right and wrong, when the thing is always done?—and resolved to make a full disclosure if I should see any such new occasion as a new chance of helping in the discovery of the assailant.

The Constables, and the Bow Street men from London—for this happened in the days of the extinct red waistcoated police—were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas, instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances. Also, they stood about the door of the Jolly Bargemen, with knowing and reserved looks, that filled the whole neighborhood with admiration; and they had a mysterious manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed my sister lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary tea-cups and wine-glasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible. When at last she came round so far as to be helped down stairs, it was still necessary to keep my slate always by her, that she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a more than indifferent speller, and as Joe was a more than indifferent reader, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of mutton instead of medicine, the substitution of Tea for Joe, and the baker for bacon, were among the mildest of my own mistakes.

However, her temper was greatly improved and she was patient. A tremulous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterward, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head and would then remain for about a week at a time in some gloomy aberration of mind. We were at a loss to find a suitable attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great aunt conquered a confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

It may have been about a month after my sister's reappearance in the kitchen when Biddy came to us with a small speckled box containing the whole of her worldly effects, and became a blessing to the household. Above all, she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was sadly cut up by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her all the evening, to turn to me every now and then, and say, with his blue eyes moistened, "Such a fine figure of a woman as she once were, Pip!" Biddy instantly taking the cleverest charge of her, as though she had studied her from infancy, Joe became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the Jolly Bargemen now and then, for a change that did him good. It was characteristic of the police people that they had all more or less suspected poor Joe (though he never knew it), and that they had to a man concurred in regarding him as one of the deepest spirits they had ever encountered.

Biddy's first triumph in her new office was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. Thus it was:

Again and again and again my sister had traced upon the slate a character that looked like a curious T, and then, with the utmost eagerness, had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted. I had in vain tried every thing producible that began with a T, from tar to toast and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lustily calling that word in my sister's ear she had begun to hammer on the table, and expressed a qualified assent. Thereupon I had brought in all our hammers, one after another, but without avail. Then I bethought me of a crutch, the shape being much the same, and I borrowed one of a cripple in the village, and displayed it to my sister with considerable confidence. But she shook her head to that extent, when she was shown it, that we were terrified lest, in her weak and shattered state, she should dislocate her neck.

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign immediately reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represented on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "Don't you see? It's *him!*"

Orlick, without a doubt! She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come into the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his brow with his arm, took another wipe at it with his apron, and came slouching out, with a curious loose, vagabond bend in the knees that strongly distinguished him.

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him; was evidently much pleased by his being at length produced, and motioned that she would have him given something to drink. She watched his countenance as if she were particularly wishful to be assured that he took kindly to his reception; she showed every possible desire to conciliate him; and there was an air of humble propitiation in all she did, such as I have seen pervade the bearing of a frightened child toward a hard master. After that day, a day rarely passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate, and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

CHAPTER XVI.

I NOW fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship-life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate; I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her; and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me, very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

So unchanging was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectre in the chair by the dressing-table glass, that I felt as if the stopping of the clocks had stopped Time in that mysterious place, and, while I and every thing else outside it grew older, it stood still. Daylight never entered the house as to my thoughts and remembrances of it, any more than as to the actual fact. It bewildered me, and under its influence I continued at heart to hate my trade and to be ashamed of home.

Imperceptibly I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however. Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful—she was common, and could not be like Estella—but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had not been with us more than a year (I remember her being newly out of mourning at the time it struck me), when I observed to myself one evening that she had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

It came of my lifting up my own eyes from a task I was poring at—writing some passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of stratagem—and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needle-work without laying it down.

"HULLOA!" HE GROWLED; "WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?"

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid or you are very clever."

"What is it that I manage? I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

She managed our whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that, though that made what I did mean more surprising.

"How do you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn every thing that I learn, and always to keep up with me?" I was beginning to be rather vain of my knowledge, for I spent my birthday guineas on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt now that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how *you* manage?"

"No; because when I come in from the forge of a night, any one can see me turning to at it. But you never turn to at it, Biddy."

"I suppose I must catch it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

Pursuing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary girl. For I called to mind now that she was equally accomplished in the terms of our trade, and the names of our different sorts of work, and our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Theoretically, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance before you came here, and see how improved you are!"

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I was your first teacher though; wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

"Biddy!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

"No, I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What put that in your head?"

What could have put it in my head but the glistening of a tear as it dropped on her work? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living, so highly desirable to be got rid of by some people. I recalled the hopeless circumstances by which she had been surrounded in the miserable little shop and the miserable little noisy evening-school, with that miserable old bundle of incompetence always to be dragged and shouldered. I reflected that even in those untoward times there must have been latent in Biddy what was now developed or developing; for in my first uneasiness and discontent I had turned to her, as a matter of course, to help me. Biddy sat quietly sewing, shedding no more tears, and while I looked at her, and thought about it all, it occurred to me that perhaps I had not been sufficiently grateful to Biddy. I might have been too reserved, and should have patronized her more (though I did not use that precise word in my meditations) with my confidence.

"Yes, Biddy," I observed, when I had done turning it over, "you were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of ever being together like this, in this kitchen."

"Ah, poor thing!" replied Biddy; and it was like her self-forgetfulness to transfer the remark to my sister, and to get up and be busy about her, making her more comfortable; "that's sadly true!"

"Well!" said I, "we must talk together a little more, as we used to do. And I must consult you a little more, as I used to do. Let us have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, and a long chat."

My sister was never left alone now; but Joe more than readily undertook the care of her on that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer time and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the church-yard, and were out on the marshes, and began to see the sails of the ships as they sailed on, I began to combine Miss Havisham and Estella with the prospect, in my usual way. When we came to the river-side and sat down on the bank, with the water rippling at our feet, making it all more quiet than it would have been without that sound, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner confidence.

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "I don't think it would answer."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity. "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd!"

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or any thing but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half-inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

"If I could have settled down:" I said to Biddy, plucking up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and kicked them into the brewery wall: "if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat on this very bank on a fine Sunday, quite different people. I should have been good enough for *you*; shouldn't I, Biddy?"

Biddy sighed as she looked at the ships sailing on, and returned for answer, "Yes; I am not over particular." It scarcely sounded flattering, but I knew she meant well.

"Instead of that," said I, plucking up more grass and chewing a blade or two, "see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and—what would it signify to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!"

Biddy turned her face suddenly toward mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at the sailing ships.

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

I was disconcerted, for I had broken away without quite seeing where I was going. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than any body ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account." Having made which lunatic confession I began to throw my torn-up grass in the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

"Do you want to be a gentleman to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

"I don't know," I moodily answered.

"Because, if it is to spite her," Biddy pursued, "I should think—but you know best—that might be better and more independently done by caring nothing for her words. And if it is to gain her over, I should think—but you know best—she was not worth gaining over."

Exactly what I myself had thought many times. Exactly what was perfectly manifest to me at the moment. But how could I, a poor dazed village lad, avoid that wonderful inconsistency into which the best and wisest of men fall every day?

"It may be all quite true," said I to Biddy, "but I admire her dreadfully."

In short, I turned over on my face when I came to that, and got a good grasp on the hair on each side of my head, and wrenched it well. All the while knowing the madness of my heart to be so very mad and misplaced, that I was quite conscious it would have served my face right if I had lifted it up by my hair and knocked it against the pebbles as a punishment for belonging to such an idiot.

Biddy was the wisest of girls, and she tried to reason no more with me. She put her hand, which was a comfortable hand though roughened by work, upon my hands, one after another, and gently took them out of my hair. Then she softly patted my shoulder in a soothing way, while with my face upon my sleeve I cried a little—exactly as I had done in the brewery yard—and felt vaguely convinced that I was very much ill-used by somebody, or by every body; I can't say which.

"I am glad of one thing," said Biddy, "and that is, that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip. And I am glad of another thing, and that is, that of course you know you may depend upon my keeping it and always so far deserving it. If your first teacher (dear! such a poor one, and so much in need of being taught herself!) had been your teacher at the present time, she thinks she knows what lesson she would set. But it would be a hard one to learn, and you have got beyond her, and it's of no use now." So, with a quiet sigh for me, Biddy rose from the bank, and said, with a fresh and pleasant change of voice, "Shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

"Biddy," I cried, jumping up, putting my arm round her neck, and giving her a kiss, "I shall always tell you every thing."

"Till you're a gentleman," said Biddy.

"You know I never shall be, so that's always. Not that I have any occasion to tell you any thing, for you know every thing I know—as I told you at home the other night."

"Ah!" said Biddy, quite in a whisper, as she looked away at the ships. And then repeated, with her former pleasant change: "Shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

I said to Biddy we would walk a little further, and we did so, and the summer afternoon toned down into the summer evening, and it was very beautiful. I began to consider whether I was not more naturally and wholesomely situated, after all, in these circumstances, than playing beggar my neighbor by candlelight in the room with the stopped clocks, and being despised by Estella. I thought it would be very good for me if I could get her out of my head, with all the rest of those remembrances and fancies, and could go to work determined to relish what I had to do, and stick to it, and make the best of it. I asked myself the question whether I did not surely know that if Estella were beside me at that moment instead of Biddy she would make me miserable? I was obliged to admit that I did know it for a certainty, and I said to myself, "Pip, what a fool you are!"

We talked a good deal as we walked, and all that Biddy said seemed right. Biddy was never insulting or capricious, or Biddy to-day and somebody else to-morrow; she would have derived only pain, and not pleasure, from giving me pain; she would far rather have wounded her own breast than mine. How could it be, then, that I did not like her much the better of the two?

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking homeward, "I wish you could put me right."

"I wish I could," said Biddy.

"If I could only get myself to fall in love with you—you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaintance."

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't mind me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, *that* would be the thing for me."

"But you never will, you see," said Biddy.

It did not appear quite so unlikely to me that evening as it would have done if we had discussed it a few hours before. I therefore observed I was not quite sure of that. But Biddy said she *was*, and she said it decisively. In my heart I believed her to be right; and yet I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive upon the point.

When we came near the church-yard we had to cross an embankment, and get over a stile near a sluice-gate. There started up, from the gate, or from the rushes, or from the ooze (which was quite in his stagnant way), old Orlick.

"Hulloa!" he growled; "where are you two going?"

"Where should we be going, but home?"

"Well, then," said he, "I'm jiggered if I don't see you home!"

This penalty of being jiggered was a favorite supposititious case of his. He attached no definite meaning to the word that I am aware of, but used it, like his own pretended Christian name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea of something savagely damaging. When I was younger, I had had a general belief that if he had jiggered me personally he would have done it with a sharp and twisted hook.

Biddy was much against his going with us, and said to me in a whisper, "Don't let him come; I don't like him." As I did not like him either, I took the liberty of saying that we thanked him, but we didn't want seeing home. He received that piece of information with a yell of laughter, and dropped back, but came slouching after us at a little distance.

Curious to know whether Biddy suspected him of having had a hand in that murderous attack of which my sister had never been able to give any account, I asked her why she did not like him?

"Oh!" she replied, glancing over her shoulder as he slouched after us, "because I—I am afraid he likes me."

"Did he ever tell you he liked you?" I asked, indignantly.

"No," said Biddy, glancing over her shoulder again, "he never told me so; but he dances at me whenever he can catch my eye."

However novel and peculiar this testimony of attachment, I did not doubt the accuracy of the interpretation. I was very hot indeed upon old Orlick's daring to admire her: as hot as if it were an outrage on myself.

"But it makes no difference to you, you know," said Biddy, calmly.

"No, Biddy, it makes no difference to me; only I don't like it; I don't approve of it."

"Nor I either," said Biddy. "Though *that* makes no difference to you."

"Exactly," said I; "but I must tell you I should have no opinion of you, Biddy, if he danced at you with your own consent."

I kept an eye on Orlick after that night, and, whenever circumstances were favorable to his dancing at Biddy, got before him to obscure that demonstration. He had struck root in Joe's establishment by reason of my sister's sudden fancy for him, or I should have tried to get him dismissed. He quite understood and reciprocated my good intentions, as I had reason to know thereafter.

And now, because my mind was not confused enough before, I complicated its confusion fifty thousand-fold, by having states and seasons when I was clear that Biddy was immeasurably better than Estella, and that the plain honest working life to which I was born had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient means of self-respect and happiness. At those times I would decide conclusively that my disaffection to dear old Joe and the forge was gone, and that I was growing up in a fair way to be partners with Joe and to keep company with Biddy, when all in a moment some confounding remembrance of the Havisham days would fall upon me like a destructive missile and scatter my wits again. Scattered wits take a long time picking up; and often, before I had got them well together again, they would be dispersed in all directions by one stray thought, that perhaps after all Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune when my time was out.

If my time had run out, it would have left me still at the height of my perplexities, I dare say. It never did run out, however, but was brought to a premature end, as I proceed to relate.

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 68 a view of the sea battery at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This fort, which is one of the strongest in the United States, constitutes the north point of the entrance of James River. It is one mile from Fort Calhoun, on the Rip Raps; the two works command the entrance to the River. In summer, the spot, which is known as Old Point Comfort, is a favorite resort for bathers. A few weeks ago considerable apprehension was felt for the safety of Fort Monroe; it is now understood that it is garrisoned by some 500 men, and that ample measures have been taken for its protection in case of serious trouble or popular outbreaks.

Speaking of this fortress, a Virginian authority says:

"It is very large. The walls are more than a mile in circuit, very thick and high, surrounded by a moat, which is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridge, and outer batteries. It mounts some three hundred heavy guns, has mortars for throwing shells, furnaces for heating balls, etc. Nothing could approach within three miles except under the fire of all these batteries. This is a magnificent place. The walls inclose some seventy-five acres. In the centre is the parade-ground, and all around are the quarters for the troops. Live oak and other trees make it very pleasant in summer. Outside the moat is a fine walk, with a view of the sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Saturday, January 19, in the Senate, a number of petitions, numerously signed, in favor of the adoption of the Crittenden adjustment, were presented. The Senate was engaged upon the bill to admit Kansas into the Union, but final action was staved off through the efforts of Senator Green, of Missouri.——The House passed the Army Appropriation Bill and the California War Debt Bill. The first involves expenditures to the amount of ten million dollars, and the latter four millions.

On Monday, 21st, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, of Virginia, after reporting from the Committee on Finance the Indian Appropriation Bill, was excused from further service on the Committee, of which he has been Chairman for fifteen years. Several petitions for the passage of the Crittenden resolutions were presented. Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, called up the President's Message, in answer to his inquiries relative to the appointment of Mr. Holt as Secretary of War, and offered a resolution censuring the President for his course, which was laid over. Senators Yulee of Florida, Clay of Alabama, and Davis of Mississippi announced the secession of their respective States from the Union, and their consequent withdrawal from the Senate. The bill for the admission of Kansas was taken up, and it was finally passed: yeas 36, nays 16. The Crittenden resolutions then occupied the attention of the Senate until the adjournment.——In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, asked leave to present a memorial from Methodist clergymen of that State, asking for protection from religious persecution: laid on the table. Letters from the Alabama and Florida delegations announced their withdrawal. A bill was introduced by Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, and was referred to the Post-office Committee, which provides for the suspension of all the postal laws in those States which have passed ordinances of secession, on the ground that the Federal laws can not be enforced. Mr. English, of Indiana, introduced a resolution instructing the Committee of Thirty-three to take the necessary measures to carry into effect the Crittenden proposition. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of amending the neutrality laws so as to prevent the transportation of men and arms into a seceding State. Mr. Vandever, of Iowa, asked leave to offer resolutions declaring against the power of the Federal Government to interfere with Slavery in the States, and that any amendment of the Constitution is unnecessary. The Democratic members expressed a desire to vote on the resolutions immediately; but they were withdrawn to make way for the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, which Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, the Chairman, accompanied with a speech. He was followed by Mr. Millson, of Virginia, at the conclusion of whose remarks the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 22d, in the Senate, on a motion to fill the vacancies in the Committees caused by the withdrawal of the members from seceding States, the question of the exact relations between these members and the body from which they profess to have withdrawn, came up. The question was not decided, consideration of the matter being postponed, on motion of Senator Seward. The Crittenden resolutions were then taken up, and debated until the adjournment.——In the House, Mr. Harris, of Maryland, presented memorials from 17,000 citizens of that State, in favor of the passage of the resolutions adopted by the Border State Committee. He also gave notice that he should move these resolutions as an amendment to the propositions reported from the Committee of Thirty-three. Mr. Colfax reported from the Post-office Committee his bill for the stoppage of postal facilities in the seceding States. Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, suggested a substitute, which Mr. Colfax declined to accept. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, also proposed a substitute, when further consideration of the bill was postponed, to make way for the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, and Clemens, of Virginia, addressed the House. The latter took very strong ground against disunion. Mr. Washburne, of Wisconsin, also made a speech, advocating his minority report.

On Wednesday, 23d, in the Senate, after the presentation of a number of memorials, principally in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, made a motion, which was agreed to, that his resolution censuring the President for appointing Mr. Holt as Secretary of War without consultation with the Senate, be referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Iverson, of Georgia, was excused from further service on the Committee on Claims. After considerable discussion, the Tariff Bill was taken up, and referred to a Special Committee of Five, to be reported back to the Senate on 30th inst. A motion to take up Senator Crittenden's resolutions was then defeated, 27 to 24, and the Pacific Railroad Bill was considered until the adjournment.——In the House, the Post-route Bill of last session, which then passed the House and was returned from the Senate with amendments, was taken up, and nearly all the amendments agreed to. A new one, offered by Mr. Sickles, authorizing the Postmaster-General to establish a daily or semi-daily delivery of letters throughout a circuit of nine miles from the New York City Hall, was agreed to. Consideration of the bill was postponed, the Report of the Committee of Thirty-three being in order. Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, made a personal explanation relative to certain remarks made by his colleague, Mr. Martin, at the close of his speech on Tuesday. Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, then proceeded to make a speech, in which he took decided ground against disunion. A communication from all the Georgia Representatives, excepting Mr. Hill, was laid before the House by the Speaker, announcing their withdrawal in consequence of the secession of their State. Mr. Hill notified the House in writing that he had resigned his seat. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, then proceeded to make a speech, in which he counseled firmness on the part of the Republicans. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, followed with a proposition that all the members of the present House should resign, in order that a new House could be assembled before the 4th of March, so that the exact sense of the people could be ascertained. No action was taken on the proposition, though several members showed a disposition to agree to it.

On Thursday, 24th, in the Senate, the Red River Raft bill was passed. It gives the assent of Congress to acts passed by the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, providing for the removal of the raft, and the collection of tolls to defray the expense. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, after some objections from Senator Crittenden, who preferred that his resolutions should be discussed. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to deny that he had advocated coercion in secret session, a few days since, as reported. What he did say was that he believed Congress had the power of coercion, and that there might be cases in which it would be proper to use that power. The debate on the Pacific Railroad bill was interrupted by a motion to go into Executive session.——In the House consideration of the Post-route bill was resumed. An amendment was offered by Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, and accepted, to extend the existing contracts for Texas so as to connect with the Butterfield route. The morning hour having expired, the report of the Committee of Thirty-three came up, and was discussed by Messrs. Rust and Hindman of Arkansas, Dunn of Indiana, Gooch of Massachusetts, Ferry of Connecticut, and others. During the debate a personal misunderstanding arose between Messrs. Rust and Dunn, which may possibly lead to a hostile col-

lision, though it is hoped that this may be averted through the intervention of mutual friends, notwithstanding the fact that a challenge has passed from Mr. Rust to Mr. Dunn.

THE SECESSION OF GEORGIA.

On Saturday, January 19, the Georgia State Convention adopted the following secession ordinance by yeas 208, nays 89.

"An ordinance to dissolve the union between the State of Georgia and other States united with her under the compact of government entitled the Constitution of the United States.

"We, the people of the State of Georgia, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinances adopted by the people of the State of Georgia in Convention in 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was assented to, ratified, and adopted, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly ratifying and adopting amendments to the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, rescinded, and abrogated.

"And we do further declare and ordain that the union now subsisting between the State of Georgia and other States, under the name of the United States, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Georgia is in full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State."

A motion to postpone the effect of the ordinance to 3d March was lost by 30 majority. Hon. Alec Stephens, Judge Johnson, and others—co-operationists—signed the ordinance after it passed. Resolutions were subsequently adopted continuing the United States laws in force, maintaining the Postmaster, Collector, and other officials, and providing for the execution of sentences by the Federal Courts.

SECESSION OF LOUISIANA.

The State Convention assembled at Baton Rouge on Wednesday, January 23d, and organized after prayer. A Committee was appointed to draft an Ordinance of Secession. On 24th the Committee of Fifteen, by their Chairman, John Perkins, Jun., reported an Ordinance dissolving the union between Louisiana and the other States; also a resolution recognizing the right of the free navigation of the Mississippi River to all friendly States bordering thereon, the ingress and egress of the mouth of the river to be the same as heretofore with foreign Powers, with a willingness to stipulate guarantees for the exercise of these rights.

A resolution sustaining the Governor in taking possession of the fortifications passed, one hundred and eighteen to five. It was considered a test vote on secession.

ALABAMA PROVIDING AGAINST INVASION.

The Alabama House passed, on 19th, a bill to provide against the invasion of the State by sea. It makes pilots liable to fine and imprisonment who bring foreign vessels into the harbor of Mobile, and authorizes the commander of Fort Morgan to destroy the beacon and landmarks at his discretion. A resolution was also passed to make a contract for the construction of a telegraph line to Point Clear, in order to effect a more rapid communication with Fort Morgan.

THE COUNTRY TO BE PLACED ON A WAR FOOTING.

Bills are being prepared by the Military and Naval Committees of the House, and by the Committee of Ways and Means, for immediately placing the country upon a war footing. The President will be authorized to call for the enlistment of volunteers, and a considerable number of war steamers will be forthwith ordered to be constructed. The recent demonstrations in Southern ports show that we are deficient in our naval force, and especially in substantial light-draft vessels. Hence the recent necessity of employing an unarmed wooden shell, like the *Star of the West*, to go upon a warlike errand.

THE INAUGURATION BALL.

The *Herald* Washington correspondent writes: "Preparations are progressing for a grand Union Inauguration Ball, to come off in this city on the night of the 4th of March. It is designed to be in no sense a partisan affair, but one in which Union men of all sections and parties may join. Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott will head the list of Managers, assisted by the veteran Commodore Stewart. General Wool, and other prominent officers of the Army and Navy, Messrs. Crittenden, Seward, Douglas, and other Senators, and distinguished citizens of each State of the Thirty-four, are expected to participate in the management. A spacious building will be erected specially for the purposes of the ball upon Judiciary Square, adjoining the City Hall. It is designed to put the tickets at five dollars each; and, for the greater convenience of the public, they will be for sale in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, and various other large cities of the Union, representatives from all of which will probably be present. No effort will be spared to make the occasion a brilliant success in all respects."

THE EX-MEMBERS OF THE CABINET CHARGED WITH TREASON.

F. C. Treadwell, a lawyer of New York, on Saturday handed Chief Justice Taney an affidavit, in which he charges Governor Floyd, Howell Cobb, Mr. Toombs, Mr. Iverson, Jeff. Davis, General Lane, of Oregon, and all the seceding delegations, except Mr. Hill, of Georgia, and the greater part of the other Southern delegations in Congress, except Mr. Bouligny, by name, with treason and misprision of treason, and prays that Winfield Scott, James Buchanan, Robert Anderson, and others may be summoned as witnesses. The punishment of treason is death, and of misprision of treason seven years imprisonment and a fine not less than one thousand dollars.

Judge Taney kept the affidavit three days, and ordered the clerk, Mr. Carroll, to return it, with the remark that it was not a proper paper to be submitted to the Court.

Mr. Treadwell is a venerable man, seventy years old, and said to be a well-read lawyer. He has written much on various legal topics, and the late Judge Kent once paid him a high compliment for his legal abilities. He figured prominently in the Dorr Rhode Island rebellion, taking the ground that Dorr did not commit treason because he rebelled against a State, and that treason could only be committed against Federal authority.

SEIZURE OF THE ARSENAL AT AUGUSTA.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, backed by seven hundred State troops, on 24th demanded the surrender of the United States Arsenal at Augusta. At noon the demand was complied with. The Federal troops saluted their flag and retired. The arsenal, at the time of the surrender, was occupied by a company of United States soldiers, who had, it is reported, been sent to Augusta at the solicitation of the citizens, who desired to protect the property from apprehended attack by a mob.

SEIZURE OF THE ARSENAL AT APALACHICOLA.

A Tallahassee correspondent of the Jacksonville *Southern Confederacy* gives the following graphic account of the capture of a United States arsenal:

"About 7 o'clock on the morning of the 6th instant, the arsenal of Apalachicola, at the mouth of the Chattahoochee River, was besieged by the troops of the State of Florida. In consequence of the weakness of the command an entrance was gained. Mr. Powell, who has been in the service of the United States since 1840, and had command of the place, acted in a gallant manner. After the troops had entered, he faced the line and thus addressed them:

"'*Officers and Soldiers:* Five minutes ago I was the commander of this arsenal; but, in consequence of the weakness of my command, I am obliged to surrender—an act which I have hitherto never had to do during my whole military career. If I had had a force equal to, or even half the strength of, your own, I'll be d—d if you would have ever entered that gate until you walked over my dead body. You see that I have but *three* men. These are laborers, and can not contend against you. I now consider myself a prisoner of war. Take my sword, Captain Jones!'

"Captain Jones, of the 'Young Guard,' of Quincy, received Mr. Powell's sword, and then returned it to him, and addressed him as follows:

"'My dear Sir! Take your sword! You are too brave a man to disarm!'

"The whole command then gave *three cheers* for the gallant Powell."

KENTUCKY FOR THE UNION.

A telegram dated Washington, January 24, says:

There is great rejoicing here to-night, in consequence of the receipt of a dispatch from Mr. Garrard, Treasurer of Kentucky, announcing that the Legislature of that State has decided against calling a convention, which has been urged only by the secessionists. This is considered equivalent to a declaration against disunion. The Union men here from Kentucky and other border States, especially from Maryland, are congratulating each other at the noble stand taken by Kentucky, while the disunionists appear very much chagrined.

A letter received from Frankfort, Kentucky, to-night, says the Legislature passed a resolution authorizing the display of the national flag upon the State House, and the firing of thirty-three guns in honor of the Union. The flag was run up, and a committee was appointed to call upon Governor Magoffin to obtain his authority for using a cannon. He refused. The Union men then notified him that if he refused the use of the cannon they would take it. The Governor then assented, and the salute was fired amidst the greatest enthusiasm of the people.

THE LEGISLATURE OF LOUISIANA.

In the Legislature, on 22d, the Governor's Message was read. He says our enemies will find that throughout Louisiana we are one people, one in heart, one in mind, and are not to be cajoled into an abandonment of our rights, and not to be subdued. All hopes are at an end that the dissensions between the North and South can be healed. All the propositions of moderate men have been contemptuously rejected, and the cry of the North is for coercion. There is no longer a doubt of the wisdom of the policy which demands that the conflict shall come and be settled now.

The tone of the Message is uncompromising.

CONVENTIONS IN MISSOURI AND NORTH CAROLINA.

The Missouri Legislature have passed a bill calling a State Convention, with a proviso that none of its acts shall be valid unless ratified by the people.

Both Houses of the North Carolina Legislature have passed a bill calling a Convention, but with marked conservative clauses.

STOPPAGE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Louisville *Journal* of the 21st says: "We yesterday saw a highly respectable Kentuckian, a warm secessionist, direct from Vicksburg. We learn from him that it is a fact that a battery was planted on the shore of the Mississippi at Vicksburg so as to command the river. He says that a good many boats passing down were brought to, especially in the night, the object being to get possession of the *Silver Wave*, upon which it was said that the United States ordnance was to be transported to the South. A shot was fired across the bow of one boat and then the cannon was aimed directly at her; but it flashed without going off, and the boat rounded to. Three of the military companies of Mississippi were in charge of the battery, and they withdrew it from the shore on Tuesday last and seized the United States Hospital, which they are now occupying. They are, no doubt, resolved to seize upon all the United States property that they can lay their hands on."

THE LATEST FROM FORT SUMTER.

Captain Doubleday, writing from Fort Sumter, on the 20th inst., denies the report put in circulation by Charleston papers that disaffection exists among the garrison. He represents the troops as in cheerful spirits, and prepared to defend the fort to the last. He also states that mortars have been placed by the South Carolinians on the land nearest the fort, and that two steamers watched the fort all night on the 19th inst.

A LETTER FROM MAJOR ANDERSON.

A festival is to be given by the Masonic fraternity on the 30th instant in Albany. The following is an extract from a letter of Major Anderson, written by him in reply to an invitation to be present on the occasion:

"FORT SUMTER, *January* 15, 1861.

"Permit me to express the gratification your Union-loving sentiments have given me. The time is at hand when all who love the glorious Union, under whose flag the country has won the admiration of the civilized world, shall show themselves good and true men. Our fellow-countrymen in this region have decided to raise another flag. I trust in God that wisdom and forbearance may be given by Him to our rulers, and that this severance may not be 'cemented in blood.'

"Regretting that it will not be permitted me to be with you on the 30th. I am sincerely yours,

"ROBERT ANDERSON,

"Major United States Army."

THE BUDGET OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

A bill has been introduced into the South Carolina Legislature to raise money for the expenses of the current year.

From the report accompanying the bill we learn that there was a deficiency in the supplies for the last fiscal year of $118,456, and that the ordinary wants for the present year are estimated at $615,000, making the aggregate to be raised for the ordinary expenses of the Government, $733,456. But for military purposes there will be required $914,000 more; so that the aggregate amount, to be raised this year by the State, is $1,647,486—or nearly three times as much as was raised last year.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS AT PENSACOLA.

A telegram dated Pensacola, Wednesday, Jan. 23, says: Volunteers are engaged mounting and arranging cannon. Carpenters are making scaling ladders, and the utmost bustle prevails.

The *Wyandotte* has anchored to the westward of Fort Pickens, under the guns of the Fort. It is supposed she is to assist Lieut. Slemmer.

Pilots have been notified that they may bring United States war vessels inside the Harbor if they carry a flag of truce.

FIRING ON A BOAT FROM FORT SUMTER.

The men at the battery on the beach at Sullivan's Island fired into a boat from Fort Sumter on Monday night. Three men were in it, and as they approached the beach with muffled oars, the sentry hailed them and warned them off; but failing to obey the warning, the sentry fired their muskets into the boat, when it turned around and went away. Soon after a noise was heard like the hauling up of a boat at Fort Sumter. One man, it is said, was wounded badly. It is supposed by some that the object of the three men in the boat was desertion, but others think it was a desperate effort to run the gauntlet of the sentries and spike the guns of the batteries.

ALARM AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

On Monday evening, in consequence of information received at the Brooklyn Navy Yard of the intention of a mob from New York to make an attack on the North Carolina and the yard, one hundred marines were placed under arms to give them a warm reception should they make the attack. The police force was augmented, and posted where they could act in case of emergency, and the Fifth brigade of militia, under the command of Brigadier General Crooker, assembled at the Henry Street armory and the arsenal to support the marines, if necessary. No attack was made, however.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE SOUTHERNERS.

The Springfield (Ill.) *Journal*, of Monday, relates the following incident:

"An old man, hailing from Mississippi, dressed in plain homespun, came to our city Saturday. He mingled freely with the Republican Representatives, got their views, and seemed to think that we are not quite so black as we are represented. He called on Mr. Lincoln, talked freely with him, and heard the President-elect express his sentiments and intentions. He learned that Mr. Lincoln entertained none but the kindest feelings toward the people of the South, and that he would protect the South in her just rights. He had a long conversation, and went away delighted. He left the office of Mr. Lincoln in company with a friend, who communicates this to us, and when outside the door he remarked, while the tears stole down his furrowed cheeks: 'Oh! if the people of the South could hear what I have heard, they would love, and not hate, Mr. Lincoln. I will tell my friends at home; but,' he added sorrowfully, 'they will not believe me.' He said that he did wish that every man in the South could be personally acquainted with Mr. Lincoln."

DEATH OF LOLA MONTEZ.

Lola Montez died on 18th January in this city. The *Post*, in an article on her, says that, about four weeks ago, the Rev. Dr. Hawks was requested to call on her, and did so. He found her with her Bible open to the story of the Magdalen, and she expressed to her visitor her sincere anxiety in regard to her future welfare. At the same time she was hopeful. "I can forget my French, my German, my every thing," she said, "but I can not forget Christ." Before she died she purchased the little plot in Greenwood where she is now buried. On her coffin was a plate with the simple inscription: "Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, died January 17, 1861, aged 42 years." The name of Lola Montez, by which she was best known, was assumed when she went on the stage at Paris, professing to be a Spanish dancer. She subsequently adopted this name whenever she appeared in public.

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Tyler, the Virginia Commissioner appointed to wait upon the President and urge the avoidance of a collision with the secessionists, had an interview with Mr. Buchanan on 24th.

The Georgia Convention has elected Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, A. H. Stephens, and seven other delegates to the Convention which is to assemble at Montgomery to form a Slaveholding Confederacy.

Gen. Henningsen, the filibuster, who is an Englishman by birth, is now in Montgomery, Ala., and the *Mail* of that place expresses the hope that he will have a commission in the army of the Southern Confederacy.

An affecting parting took place on 24th between the President and Senator Fitzpatrick. The former said: "Governor, the current of events warns me that we shall never meet again on this side the grave. I have tried to do my duty to both sections, and have displeased both. I feel isolated in the world."

Col. David Page, a member of the Maine Legislature, from the Aroostook region, on his way from his home to the Capital, walked fifteen miles on foot, and ten miles on snow-shoes, the snow being two and a half feet deep and unbroken.

Mr. Morgan, father of the Hon. E. D. Morgan, was thrown from his cutter while passing through Union Springs, N. Y., a day or two since, and seriously injured. His horse was attacked by a large dog, which seized the horse by the nose, and hung on for over sixty rods. The cutter was broken into splinters.

A gentleman of Indianapolis informs us that on last Sunday in that city, at the closing exercises of a meeting at one of the Methodist Episcopal churches, Bishop Ames astonished and thrilled the congregation by the following prayer: "We thank thee, O God! that while treason stalks abroad in high places, there is one man who loves his country! one man who will defend his country's flag! *God bless and protect the gallant Major Anderson and his noble band!*"

Billy Mulligan has been placed in comparatively agreeable appointment at Sing Sing. He has received the appointment of waiter, and is said to discharge its duties with a promptitude and reticence quite acceptable to the prison authorities.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON DISUNION.

AT a dinner at Southampton on 8th January, Lord Palmerston said: "We have too much reason to fear that that Union, which has existed not much less than a century, which has conduced to the happiness and prosperity of our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic, is likely to be broken and disrupted. It is not our business to express, in regard to that event, any other feeling than this—that we wish, from the bottom of our hearts, that those disputes, whatever they may be, may be settled by an amicable understanding—[Cheers]—and that, whether that Union is destined to remain unimpaired, or whether those States are determined to separate into different communities, our present prayer is that the result may be brought about by amicable means—be it for maintaining the Union or be it for dissolving the Union—[Hear, hear]—and that the world may be spared the afflicting spectacle of a hostile conflict between brothers and brothers."

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE JOHN BROWN RAID.

The following letter to James Redpath has been published:

"BROUGHAM, *November* 20, 1860.

"Sir,—I feel honored by the invitation to attend the Boston Convention, and to give my opinion upon the question 'How can American slavery be abolished?' I consider the application is made to me as conceiving me to represent the anti-slavery body in this country; and I believe that I speak their sentiments as well as my own in expressing the widest difference of opinion with you upon the merits of those who promoted the Harper's Ferry expedition, and upon the fate of those who suffered for their conduct in it. No one will doubt my earnest desire to see slavery extinguished; but that desire can only be gratified by lawful means—a strict regard to the rights of property, or what the law declares property, and a constant repugnance to the shedding of blood. No man can be considered a martyr unless he not only suffers, but is witness to the truth; and he does not bear this testimony who seeks a lawful object by illegal means. Any other course taken for the abolition of slavery can only delay the consummation we so devoutly wish, besides exposing the community to the hazard of an insurrection, perhaps less hurtful to the master than the slave. When the British emancipation was finally carried it was accomplished by steps, and five years elapsed between the commencement of the measure in 1833 and its completion in 1838. The declaration of the law which pronounced a slave free as soon as he touched British ground (erroneously ascribed to the English Courts under Lord Mansfield, but really made by the Judges in Scotland) may seem to be inconsistent with the principles laid down. But I am bound to express my doubts if such a decision would have been given had Jamaica touched upon the coasts of this country. It is certain that the Judges did not intend to declare that all property in slaves should instantly cease, and yet such would have been the inevitable effect of their judgment in the case supposed, which somewhat resembles that of America.

"In the elevation of your new President all friends of America, of its continued union, of the final extinction of slavery by peaceful means, and of the utter immediate extinction of the execrable slave-trade, all friends of the human race must heartily rejoice. They will, let us hope, find in him a powerful ally, as his country may expect to find an able, a consistent, and an honest ruler.

"I have the honor to be your faithful servant,

"BROUGHAM."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

We read in the London *Times* of January 8: "Yesterday morning a terrible encounter took place at Astley's Amphitheatre. An under-groom, named Smith, was literally throttled to death by one of the lions which play so prominent a part in the holiday entertainments at that favorite place of amusement. The lions, three in number, are confined in a cage at the back of the stage. When the night watchman left the theatre yesterday morning, a few minutes before seven, he reported 'all right.' Shortly afterward Smith, the deceased, entered the place, and found the lions prowling about. They had torn off a heavy iron bar which crossed the front of their cage, and then burst open the door. Smith was alone, and not being familiar with the animals, he attempted to escape into an adjoining stable-yard. His situation was a frightful one, and most men would have acted precisely as he did under similar circumstances; but the probability is that if he had stood his ground boldly his life would have been saved. Unfortunately, one of the lions—that which is known by the name of Havelock—caught sight of his retreating figure, and instantly sprang upon him. It seized him by the haunches, pulled him to the ground, and then fixed its teeth in his throat. Death must have been almost instantaneous; but as Smith was found a good deal cut and bruised at the back of the head, it is supposed that the lion, after burying its fangs in his throat, dragged him about and dashed his head against the ground. It seems, in fact, to have worried him, though the wounds inflicted by the brute are neither so numerous nor so severe as might have been expected. There were no cries for help, but a sort of shuffling noise was heard by a man in the stable-yard. He suspected what had occurred, and did not venture to open the door through which Smith had endeavored to escape; but he gave the alarm, and in a few minutes was joined by several grooms and others connected with the theatre. They were all, however, too much afraid to enter the place; and nothing was done to ascertain the fate of Smith until the arrival of Crockett, the Lion Conqueror, to whom the animals belong. As soon as he reached the spot he passed through the door alone, none of the others daring to follow. The body of Smith was lying, face upward, a few feet from the door, and Havelock was crouching over it as a hungry dog hangs over a piece of meat. Crockett immediately threw the animal off and dragged the body into the yard. It was still warm, but life had been extinct for some time. A surgeon was sent for, but of course he could render no assistance. Crockett lost no time in securing the lions. They allowed him to capture them easily enough. Even Havelock did not offer any resistance, and the other two, which had taken no part in the terrible scene with Smith, seemed rather afraid than otherwise. In a few minutes all three were back in their cage again; and last night they went through their usual performances before a crowded audience. Smith was unmarried. There will, of course, be an inquiry into the circumstances which attended the unhappy man's death."

A BREAD PANIC IN LIVERPOOL.

Quite a panic prevailed in some parts of Liverpool on the 9th inst. Rumors were afloat that a mob had entered the bakers' shops and helped themselves, owing to the advance in the prices of bread, and the suspension of labor in consequence of the severity of the weather, and that a regular riot had broken out. A large number of shops were forthwith closed, and a feeling of alarm prevailed in the city. The reports, however, all proved groundless, when confidence was quickly restored.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON DISUNION.

The Paris correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* gives the following interesting sketch of a conversation between the Emperor of the French and our minister, Mr. Faulkner, on New-Year's Day. After the usual greetings, the Emperor said:

"What is the latest intelligence you have received from the United States? Not so alarming, I trust, as the papers represent it?"

"Like most nations, Sire," replied Mr. Faulkner, "we have our troubles, which have lost none of their coloring, as described in the European Press."

THE EMPEROR: "I hope it is not true that any of the States have separated from the general Confederation."

MR. FAULKNER: "The States still form one common Government, as heretofore. There is excitement in portions of the Confederacy, and there are indications of extreme measures being adopted by one or two States. But we are familiar with the excitement, as we are with the vigor, which belong to the institutions of a free people. We have already more than once passed through commotions which would have shattered into fragments any other Government on earth; and this fact justifies the inference that the strength of the Union will now be found equal to the strain upon it."

THE EMPEROR: "I sincerely hope it may be so; and that you may long continue a united and prosperous people."

NO MORE PASSPORTS.

It is stated that a negotiation was pending between France and all other Continental States for the abolition of passports.

COTTON IN ALGERIA.

A letter from Paris, dated the 31st of December, purports to describe the views of the French Government as to the results to be obtained from the clause of the treaty with China legalizing the exportation of labor. "This has been done, no doubt," says the writer, "in reference to obtaining a supply of labor for the cotton lands in Algeria. The great immorality of the Chinese adults heretofore imported has caused the subject to receive a careful and earnest attention, and a plan has been proposed to import boys and girls, brought out under the care of priests and Sisters of Charity, who, on receiving them in China, will cleanse and clothe them, and begin immediately a religious and secular education. On arrival in Algeria, and being distributed among the planters, they will retain their teachers, and be ready to pick the cotton balls as they ripen. The cultivation of the land is to be effected by steam plows and horse hoes, as in this way an enormous area can be kept under culture at a small expense. The yield of cotton (as in the United States) being limited only by the number of pickers, cotton may be thus grown at half the cost of the American, owing to the difference in the value of land and slaves. In the year 1855 five bales of cotton were brought to Paris from Algeria, of the best quality; but the want of an organized system of labor, similar to the slave system of the States, caused the culture to be abandoned for a time. The great improvements in agricultural machinery have now removed this difficulty in part, and the importation of Coolie children will supply all that is required to insure success at the present time. The children are to be apprenticed for twenty years, and to be always under supervision. When the picking season is finished, they are to be employed in raising their own food, and in weaving and making their own clothing. At the end of their apprenticeship they can marry and become citizens, with an allotment of land, or return to China as they please."

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

The London *Herald's* Paris correspondent, speaking of the military preparations, says that by the middle of February, or at furthest at the beginning of March, France will possess an army of 640,000 men ready to march at a few hours' notice. Besides, the Imperial Guard, representing a *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men, is kept on a war footing. In addition, some 400,000 men remain under arms, unbrigaded, in the various garrisons of the Empire.

ITALY.

AFFAIRS AT GAETA.

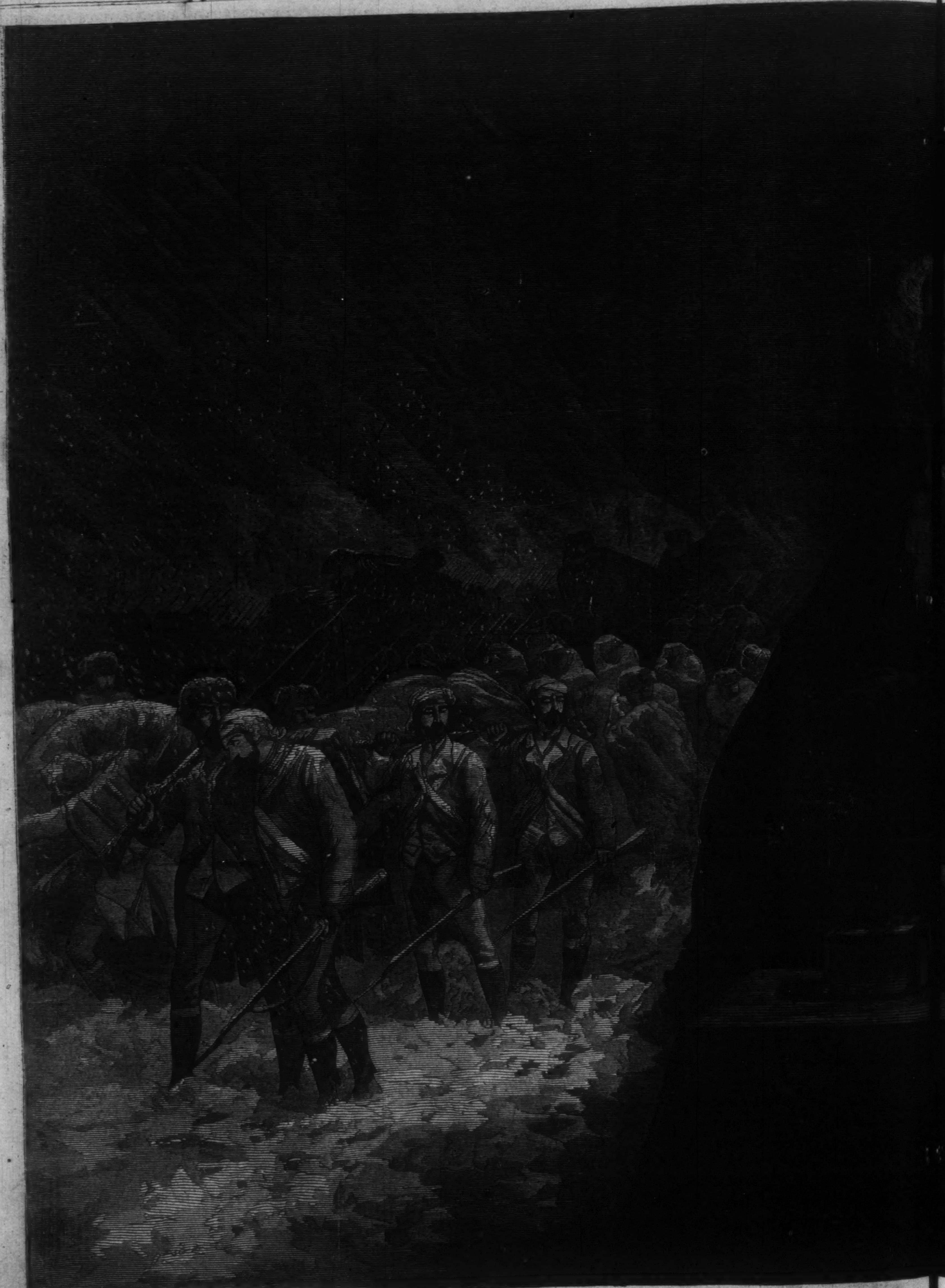
The intelligence from Gaeta is contradictory. One dispatch asserts that an armistice for ten days had been signed. Another says the Piedmontese had redoubled their vigilance and activity before Gaeta; and the Paris *Moniteur* says the negotiations for an armistice remained without result.

PICCOLOMINI'S BABY.

A Tuscan correspondent, describing a visit to that late favorite of the British public, Maria Piccolomini, now the Marchesa della Fargua says: "I was, during a fortnight, at a charming villa, three miles from Siena, the residence of the parents of our beloved and most celebrated artist, Maria Piccolomini, now Marchioness della Fargua, of the Dukes Caetani, and it was by a miracle that this dear creature did not find herself in tumult and great peril on the return of the Swiss, headed by that assassin, the too infamous Schmidt, in the city of Pieve, of which I will speak by-and-by. When I arrived at the Villa Piccolomini I found all the family reunited. Her sister, Laura, had, on the 8th of October, married a young Sienese, 23 years old, very rich, who possesses divers villas and a beautiful palace in Siena. An heir to the family of La Fargua is expected in April."

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.

A letter from Rome states that when General de Guyon on New-Year's Day solicited the Pope's blessing for the French army, his Holiness volunteered to comprise the French navy, which was "defending the holiest of causes." Seeing the Pope thus traveling out of the programme, General de Guyon asked him whether he had not a blessing for the Emperor, who had done so much for religion in China and Syria. The Pope, apparently taken quite aback by this appeal, said, hurriedly, "Oh yes, for what he has done, is doing, and may do—I hope so."



THE DREAM OF A SECESSIONIST S

SHINGTON AND VALLEY FORGE.

THE GRAY WOMAN.

(Continued from our last Number.)

STRANGE to say, this roused me to instant vividness of thought. Till this moment I had almost forgotten Amante; now I planned with feverish rapidity how I could give her a warning not to return; or rather, I should say, I tried to plan, for all my projects were utterly futile, as I might have seen from the first. I could only hope she would hear the voices of those who were now busy in trying to kindle a light, swearing awful oaths at the mislaid articles which would have enabled them to strike fire. I heard her step outside coming nearer and nearer; I saw from my hiding-place the line of light beneath the door more and more distinctly; close to it her footstep paused; the men inside—at the time I thought they had been only two, but I found out afterward there were three—paused in their endeavors, and were quite still—as breathless as myself, I suppose. Then she slowly pushed the door open with gentle motion, to save her flickering candle from being again extinguished. For a moment all was still. Then I heard my husband say, as he advanced toward her (he wore riding-boots, the shape of which I knew well, as I could see them in the light),

"Amante, may I ask what brings you here into my private room?"

He stood between her and the dead body of a man, from which ghastly heap I shrank away as it almost touched me, so close were we all together. I could not tell whether she saw it or not; I could give her no warning, nor make any dumb utterance of signs to bid her what to say—if, indeed, I knew myself what would be best for her to say.

Her voice was quite changed when she spoke; quite hoarse, and very low; yet it was steady enough as she said, what was the truth, that she had come to look for a letter which she believed had arrived for me from Germany. Good, brave Amante! Not a word about me. M. de la Tourelle answered with a grim blasphemy and a fearful threat. He would have no one prying into his premises; Madame should have her letters, if there were any, when he chose to give them to her, if, indeed, he thought it well to give them to her at all. As for Amante, this was her first warning, but it was also her last; and taking the candle out of her hand, he turned her out of the room, his companions discreetly making a screen, so as to throw the corpse into deep shadow. I heard the key turn in the door after her—if I had ever had any thought of escape it was gone now. I only hoped that whatever was to befall me might soon be over, for the tension of nerve was growing more than I could bear. The instant she could be supposed to be out of hearing two voices began speaking in the most angry terms to my husband, upbraiding him for not having detained her, gagged her—nay, one was for killing her, saying he had seen her eye fall on the face of the dead man, whom he now kicked in his passion. Though the form of their speech was as if they were speaking to equals, yet in their tone there was something of fear. I am sure my husband was their superior, or captain, or somewhat. He replied to them almost as if he were scoffing at them, saying it was such an expenditure of labor having to do with fools; that, ten to one, the woman was only telling the simple truth, and that she was frightened enough by discovering her master in his room to be thankful to escape and return to her mistress, to whom he could easily explain on the morrow how he happened to return in the dead of night. But his companions fell to cursing me, and saying that since M. de la Tourelle had been married he was fit for nothing but to dress himself fine and scent himself with perfume; that, as for me, they could have got him twenty girls prettier, and with far more spirit in them. He quietly answered that I suited him, and that was enough. All this time they were doing something—I could not see what—to the corpse; sometimes they were too busy rifling the dead body, I believe, to talk; again they let it fall with a heavy, resistless thud, and took to quarreling. They taunted my husband with angry vehemence, enraged at his scoffing and scornful replies, his mocking laughter. Yes, holding up his poor dead victim, the better to strip him of whatever he wore that was valuable, I heard my husband laugh just as he had done when exchanging repartees in the little salon of the Rupprechts at Carlsruhe. I hated and dreaded him from that moment. At length, as if to make an end of the subject, he said, with cool determination in his voice,

"Now, my good friends, what is the use of all this talking, when you know in your hearts that if I suspected my wife of knowing more than I chose of my affairs she would not outlive the day? Remember Victorine. Because she merely joked about my affairs in an imprudent manner, and rejected my advice to keep a prudent tongue—to see what she liked, but ask nothing and say nothing—she has gone a long journey—longer than to Paris."

"But this one is different to her; we knew all that Madame Victorine knew, she was such a chatterbox; but this one may find out a vast deal, and never breathe a word about it, she is so sly. Some fine day we may have the country raised, and the gens d'armes down upon us from Strasburg, and all owing to your pretty doll, with her cunning ways of coming over you."

I think this roused M. de la Tourelle a little from his contemptuous indifference, for he ground an oath through his teeth, and said, "Feel! this dagger is sharp, Henri. If my wife breathes a word, and I am such a fool as not to have stopped her mouth effectually before she can bring down gens d'armes upon us, just let that good steel find its way to my heart. Let her guess but one tittle—let her have but one slight suspicion that I am not a 'grand propriétaire,' much less imagine that I am a chief of chauffeurs—and she follows Victorine on the long journey beyond Paris that very day."

"She'll outwit you yet, or I never judged women well. Those still, silent ones are the devil. She'll be off during some of your absences, having picked out some secret that will break us all on the wheel."

"Bah!" said his voice; and then in a minute he added, "Let her go if she will. But where she goes I will follow; so don't cry before you're hurt."

By this time they had nearly stripped the body, and the conversation turned on what they should do with it. I learned that the dead man was the Sieur de Poissy—a neighboring gentleman, whom I had often heard of as hunting with my husband. I had never seen him; but they spoke as if he had come upon them while they were robbing some Cologne merchant, torturing him after the cruel practice of the chauffeurs, by roasting the feet of their victims, in order to compel them to reveal any hidden circumstances connected with their wealth, of which the chauffeurs afterward made use; and this Sieur de Poissy coming down upon them, and recognizing M. de la Tourelle, they had killed him, and brought him hither after nightfall. I heard him whom I called my husband laugh his little light laugh as he spoke of the way in which the dead body had been strapped before one of the riders, in such a way that it appeared to any passer-by as if, in truth, the murderer were tenderly supporting some sick person. He repeated some mocking reply, of double meaning, which he himself had given to some one who made inquiry. He enjoyed the play upon words, softly applauding his own wit. And all the time the poor, helpless, outstretched arms of the dead lay close to his dainty boot! Then another stooped (my heart stopped beating) and picked up a letter lying on the ground—a letter that had dropped out of M. de Poissy's pocket—a letter from his wife, full of tender words of endearment and pretty babblings of love. This was read aloud, with coarse, ribald comments on every sentence, each trying to outdo the previous speaker. When they came to some pretty words about a sweet Maurice, their little child, away with its mother on some visit, they laughed at M. de la Tourelle, and told him that he would be hearing such woman's driveling some day. Up to that moment, I think, I had only feared him, but his unnatural, half-ferocious reply made me hate him even more than I dreaded him. But now they grew weary of their savage merriment; the jewels and watch had been apprized, the money and papers examined, and apparently there was some necessity for the body being interred quietly and before daybreak. They had not dared to leave him where he was slain for fear lest people should come and recognize him, and raise the hue and cry upon them. For they all along spoke as if it was their constant endeavor to keep the immediate neighborhood of Les Rochers in the most orderly and tranquil condition, so as never to give cause for visits from the gens d'armes. They disputed a little as to whether they should make their way into the castle larder through the gallery, and satisfy their hunger before the hasty interment, or afterward. I listened with eager, feverish interest as soon as this meaning of their speeches reached my hot and troubled brain, for at the time the words they uttered seemed only to stamp themselves with terrible force on my memory, so that I could hardly keep from repeating them aloud like a dull, miserable, unconscious echo; but my brain was numb to the sense of what they said, unless I myself were named, and then, I suppose, some instinct of self-preservation stirred within me, and quickened my sense. And how I strained my ears, and nerved my hands and limbs, beginning to twitch with convulsive movements, which, I feared, might betray me! I gathered every word they spoke, not knowing which proposal to wish for, but feeling that whatever was finally decided upon, my only chance of escape was drawing near. I once feared lest my husband should go to his bedroom before I had had that one chance, in which case he would most likely have perceived my absence. He said that his hands were soiled (I shuddered, for it might be with life-blood), and he would go and cleanse them; but some bitter jest turned his purpose, and he left the room with the other two—left it by the gallery door—left me alone in the dark with the stiffening corpse!

Now, now was my time, if ever; and yet I could not move. It was not my cramped and stiffened joints that crippled me; it was the sensation of that dead man's close presence. I almost fancied—I almost fancy still—I heard the arm nearest to me move, lift itself up as if once more imploring, and fall in dead despair. At that fancy—if fancy it were—I screamed aloud in mad terror, and the sound of my own strange voice broke the spell. I drew myself to the side of the table farthest from the corpse, with as much slow caution as if I really could have feared the clutch of that poor dead arm, powerless for evermore. I softly raised myself up, and stood sick and trembling, holding by the table, too dizzy to know what to do next. I nearly fainted, when a low voice spoke—when Amante, from the outside of the door, whispered, "Madame!" The faithful creature had been on the watch, had heard my scream, and having seen the three ruffians troop along the gallery down the stairs, and across the court to the offices in the other wing of the castle, she had stolen to the door of the room in which I was. The sound of her voice gave me strength. I walked straight toward it, as one benighted on a dreary moor, suddenly perceiving the small steady light which tells of human dwellings, takes heart and steers straight onward. Where I was—where that voice was—I knew not; but go to it I must, or die. The door once opened—I know not by which of us—I fell upon her neck, grasping her tight, till my hands ached with the tension of their hold. Yet she never uttered a word. Only she took me up in her vigorous arms and bore me to my room, and laid me on my bed. I do not know more; as soon as I was placed there I lost sense; I came to myself with a horrible dread lest my husband was by me, with a belief that he was in the room, in hiding, waiting to hear my first words, watching for the least sign of the terrible knowledge I possessed to murder me. I dared not breathe quicker; I measured and timed each heavy inspiration; I did not speak, nor move, nor even open my eyes, for long after I was in my full, my miserable senses. I heard some one treading softly about the room, as if with a purpose, not as if for curiosity or merely to beguile the time; some one passed in and out of the salon; and I still lay quiet, feeling as if death were inevitable, but wishing that the agony of death were past. Again faintness stole over me; but just as I was sinking into the horrible feeling of nothingness, I heard Amante's voice close to me, saying,

"Drink this, Madame, and let us begone. All is ready."

I let her put her arm under my head and raise me, and pour something down my throat. All the time she kept talking in a quiet, measured voice, unlike her own, so dry and authoritative. She told me that a suit of her clothes lay ready for me, that she herself was as much disguised as the circumstances permitted her to be, that what provisions I had left from my supper were stowed away in her pockets; and so she went on, dwelling on little details of the most commonplace description, but never alluding for an instant to the fearful cause why flight was necessary. I made no inquiry as to how she knew or what she knew. I never asked her, either then or afterward. I could not bear it. We kept our dreadful secret close. But I suppose she must have been in the dressing-room adjoining, and heard all.

In fact, I dared not speak even to her as if there were any thing beyond the most common event in life in our preparing thus to leave the house of blood by stealth in the dead of night. She gave me directions—short, condensed directions, without reasons—just as you do to a child; and like a child I obeyed her. She went often to the door and listened; and often, too, she went to the window and looked anxiously out. For me, I saw nothing but her, and I dared not let my eyes wander from her for a minute; and I heard nothing in the deep midnight silence but her soft movements, and the heavy beating of my own heart. At last she took my hand and led me in the dark, through the salon, once more into the terrible gallery, where across the black darkness the windows admitted pale, sheeted ghosts of light upon the floor. Clinging to her, I went, unquestioning—for she was human sympathy to me after the isolation of my unspeakable terror. On we went, turning to the left instead of to the right, past my suit of sitting-rooms, where the gilding was red with blood, into that unknown wing of the castle that fronted the main road lying parallel far below. She guided me along the basement passages, to which we had now descended, until we came to a little open door, through which the air blew chill and cold, bringing, for the first time, a sensation of life to me. The door led into a kind of cellar, through which we groped our way to an opening like a window, but which, instead of being glazed, was only fenced with iron bars, two of which were loose, as Amante evidently knew, for she took them out with the ease of one who had performed the action often before, and then helped me to follow her out into the free open air.

We stole round the end of the building, and on turning the corner—she first—I felt her hold of me tighten for an instant, and the next step I too heard distant voices, and the blows of a spade upon the heavy soil, for the night was very warm and still.

We had not spoken a word; we did not speak now. Touch was safer and as expressive. She turned down toward the high road; I followed. I did not know the path; we stumbled again and again, and I was much bruised; so doubtless was she; but bodily pain did me good. At last we were on the plainer path of the high road.

I had such faith in her that I did not venture to speak, even when she paused, as wondering to which hand she should turn. But now, for the first time, she spoke:

"Which way did you come when he brought you here first?"

I pointed. I could not speak.

We turned in the opposite direction; still going along the high road. In about an hour we struck up to the mountain-side, scrambling far up before we even dared to rest; far up and away again before day had fully dawned. Then we looked about for some place of rest and concealment; and now we dared to speak in whispers. Amante told me that she had locked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had also locked and brought away the key of the door between the latter and the salon.

"He will have been too busy this night to think much about you—he will suppose you are asleep—I shall be the first to be missed—but they will only just now be discovering our loss."

I remember those last words of hers made me pray to go on—I felt as if we were losing precious time in thinking either of rest or concealment; but she hardly replied to me, so busy was she in seeking out some hiding-place. At length, giving it up in despair, we proceeded onward a little way; the mountain-side sloped downward rapidly, and in the full morning light we saw ourselves in a narrow valley, made by a stream which forced its way along it. About a mile lower down there rose the pale blue smoke of a village, a mill-wheel was lashing up the water close at hand, though out of sight. Keeping under the cover of every sheltering tree or bush, we worked our way down past the mill, down to a one-arched bridge, which doubtless formed part of the road between the village and the mill.

"This will do," said she; and we crept under the space, and climbing a little way up the rough stone-work, we seated ourselves on a projecting ledge, and crouched in the deep damp shadow. Amante sat a little above me, and made me lay my head on her lap. Then she fed me and took some food herself; and opening out her great dark cloak, she covered up every light-colored speck about us; and thus we sat, shivering and shuddering, yet feeling a kind of rest through it all, simply from the fact that motion was no longer imperative, and that during the daylight our only chance of safety was to be still. But the damp shadow in which we were sitting was blighting, from the circumstance of the sunlight never penetrating there; and I dreaded lest, before night and the time for exertion again came on, I should feel illness creeping all over me. To add to our discomfort it had rained the whole day long, and the stream, fed by a thousand little mountain brooklets, began to swell into a torrent, rushing over the stones with a perpetual and dizzying noise.

Every now and then I was wakened from the painful doze into which I continually fell by a sound of horses' feet over our head: sometimes lumbering heavily as if dragging a burden, sometimes rattling and galloping, and with the sharper cry of men's voices coming cutting through the roar of the waters. At length day fell. We had to drop into the stream, which came above our knees as we waded to the bank. There we stood, stiff and shivering. Even Amante's courage seemed to fail.

"We must pass this night in shelter somehow," said she. For indeed the rain was coming down pitilessly. I said nothing. I thought that surely the end must be death in some shape; and I only hoped that to death might not be added the terror of the cruelty of men. In a minute or so she had resolved on her course of action. We went up the stream to the mill. The familiar sounds, the scent of the wheat, the flour whitening the walls—all reminded me of home, and it seemed to me as if I must struggle out of this nightmare and waken, and find myself once more a happy girl by the Neckar-side. They were long in unbarring the door at which Amante had knocked; at length an old feeble voice inquired who was there, and what was sought? Amante answered shelter from the storm for two women; but the old woman replied, with suspicious hesitation, that she was sure it was a man who was asking for shelter, and that she could not let us in. But at length she satisfied herself, and unbarred the heavy door, and admitted us. She was not an unkindly woman, but her thoughts all traveled in one circle, and that was, that her master, the miller, had told her on no account to let any man into the place during his absence, and that she did not know if he would not think two women as bad; and yet that, as we were not men, no one could say she had disobeyed him, for it was a shame to let a dog be out such a night as this. Amante, with ready wit, told her to let no one know that we had taken shelter there that night, and that then her master could not blame her; and while she was thus enjoining secrecy as the wisest course, with a view to far other people than the miller, she was hastily helping me to take off my wet clothes, and spreading them, as well as the brown mantle that had covered us both, before the great stove which warmed the room with the effectual heat that the old woman's failing vitality required. All this time the poor creature was discussing with herself as to whether she had disobeyed orders, in a kind of garrulous way that made me fear much for her capability of retaining any thing secret if she was questioned. By-and-by she wandered away to an unnecessary revelation of her master's whereabouts: gone to help in the search for his landlord, the Sieur de Poissy, who lived at the château just above, and who had not returned from his chase the day before; so the intendant imagined he might have met with some accident, and had summoned the neighbors to beat the forest and the hill-side. She told us much besides, giving us to understand that she would fain meet with a place as housekeeper where there were more servants and less to do, as her life here was very lonely and dull, especially since her master's son had gone away—gone to the wars. She then took her supper, which was evidently apportioned out to her with a sparing hand, as, even if the idea had come into her head, she had not enough to offer us any. Fortunately warmth was all that we required, and that, thanks to Amante's cares, was returning to our chilled bodies. After supper the old woman grew drowsy, but she seemed uncomfortable at the idea of going to sleep and leaving us still in the house. Indeed, she gave us pretty broad hints as to the propriety of our going once more out into the bleak and stormy night; but we begged to be allowed to stay under shelter of some kind, and at last a bright idea came over her, and she bade us mount by a ladder to a kind of loft, which went half over the lofty mill-kitchen on which we were sitting; we obeyed her—what else could we do?—and found ourselves in a spacious floor, without any safeguard or wall, boarding, or railing, to keep us from falling over into the kitchen in case we went too near the edge. It was, in fact, the store-room or garret for the household. There was bedding piled up, boxes and chests, mill sacks, the winter store of apples and nuts, bundles of old clothes, broken furniture, and many other things. No sooner were we up there than the old woman dragged the ladder by which we had ascended away with a chuckle, as if she was now secure that we could do no mischief, and sat herself down again once more, to doze and await her master's return. We pulled out some bedding, and gladly laid ourselves down in our dried clothes and in some warmth, hoping to have the sleep we so much needed to refresh us and prepare us for the next day. But I could not sleep, and I was aware from her breathing that Amante was equally wakeful. We could both see through the crevices between the boards that formed the flooring into the kitchen below, very partially lighted by the common lamp that hung against the wall near the stove on the opposite side to that on which we were.

Far on in the night there were voices outside reached us in our hiding-place; an angry knocking at the door, and we saw through the chinks the old woman rouse herself up to go and open it for her

master, who came in, evidently half drunk. To my sick horror he was followed by Lefebvre, apparently as sober and wily as ever. They were talking together as they came in, disputing about something; but the miller stopped the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen asleep, and with tipsy anger, and even with blows, drove the poor old creature out of the kitchen to bed. Then he and Lefebvre went on talking—about the Sieur de Poissy's disappearance. It seemed that Lefebvre had been out all day, along with other of my husband's men, ostensibly assisting in the search; in all probability trying to blind the Sieur de Poissy's followers by putting them on a wrong scent, and also, I fancied, from one or two of Lefebvre's sly questions, combining the hidden purpose of discovering us.

Although the miller was tenant and vassal to the Sieur de Poissy, he seemed to me to be much more in league with the people of M. de la Tourelle. He was evidently aware, in part, of the life which Lefebvre and the others led; although, again, I do not suppose he knew or imagined one-half of their crimes; and also, I think, he was seriously interested in discovering the fate of his master, little suspecting Lefebvre of murder or violence. He kept talking himself, and letting out all sorts of thoughts and opinions; watched by the keen eyes of Lefebvre gleaming out below his shaggy eyebrows. It was evidently not the cue of the latter to let out that his master's wife had escaped from that vile and terrible den; but though he never breathed a word relating to us, not the less was I certain he was thirsting for our blood, and lying in wait for us at every turn of events. Presently he got up and took his leave; and the miller bolted him out and stumbled off to bed. Then we fell asleep and slept sound and long.

The next morning, when I awoke, I saw Amante, half raised, resting on one hand, and eagerly gazing, with straining eyes, into the kitchen below. I looked too, and both heard and saw the miller and two of his men eagerly and loudly talking about the old woman, who had not appeared as usual to make the fire in the stove, and prepare her master's breakfast, and who now, late on in the morning, had been found dead in her bed; whether from the effect of her master's blows the night before, or from natural causes, who can tell? The miller's conscience upbraided him a little, I should say, for he was eagerly declaring his value for his housekeeper, and repeating how often she had spoken of the happy life she led with him. The men might have their doubts, but they did not wish to offend the miller, and all agreed that the necessary steps should be taken for a speedy funeral. And so they went out, leaving us in our loft, but so much alone, that, for the first time almost, we ventured to speak freely, though still in a hushed voice, pausing to listen continually. Amante took a more cheerful view of the whole occurrence than I did. She said that, had the old woman lived, we should have had to depart that morning, and that this quiet departure would have been the best thing we could have had to hope for, as, in all probability, the housekeeper would have told her master of us and of our resting-place, and this fact would, sooner or later, have been brought to the knowledge of those from whom we most desired to keep it concealed; but that now we had time to rest, and a shelter to rest in, during the first hot pursuit, which we knew to a fatal certainty was being carried on. The remnants of our food, and the stored-up fruit, would supply us with provision; the only thing to be feared was, that something might be required from the loft, and the miller or some one else mount up in search of it. But even then, with a little arrangement of boxes and chests, one part might be so kept in shadow that we might yet escape observation. All this comforted me a little; but, I asked, how were we ever to escape? The ladder was taken away, which was our only means of descent. But Amante replied that she could make a sufficient ladder of the rope lying coiled among other things, to drop us down the ten feet or so—with the advantage of its being portable, so that we might carry it away, and thus avoid all betrayal of the fact that any one had ever been hidden in the loft.

During the two days that intervened before we did escape, Amante made good use of her time. She looked into every box and chest during the man's absence at his mill; and finding in one box an old suit of man's clothes, which had probably belonged to the miller's absent son, she put them on to see if they would fit her; and, when she found that they did, she cut her own hair to the shortness of a man's, made me clip her black eyebrows as close as though they had been shaved, and by cutting up old corks into pieces such as would go into her cheeks, she altered both the shape of her face and her voice to a degree which I should not have believed possible.

All this time I lay like one stunned; my body resting, and renewing its strength, but I myself in an almost idiotic state—else surely I could not have taken the stupid interest which I remember I did in all Amante's energetic preparations for disguise. I absolutely recollect once the feeling of a smile coming over my stiff face as some new exercise of her cleverness proved a success.

But toward the second day she required me too to exert myself; and then all my heavy despair returned. I let her dye my fair hair and complexion with the decaying shells of the stored-up walnuts, I let her blacken my teeth, and even voluntarily broke a front tooth the better to effect my disguise. But through it all I had no hope of evading my terrible husband. The third night the funeral was over, the drinking ended, the guests gone; the miller put to bed by his men, being too drunk to help himself. They stopped a little while in the kitchen, talking and laughing about the new housekeeper likely to come; and they too went off, shutting, but not locking the door. Every thing favored us: Amante had tried her ladder on one of the two previous nights, and could, by a dexterous throw from beneath, unfasten it from the hook to which it was fixed, when it had served its office; she made up a bundle of worthless old clothes in order that we might the better preserve our characters of a traveling peddler and his wife; she stuffed a hump on her back, she thickened my figure, she left her own clothes deep down beneath a heap of others in the chest from which she had taken the man's dress which she wore; and with a few francs in her pocket—the sole money we had either of us had about us when we escaped—we let ourselves down the ladder, unhooked it, and passed into the cold darkness of night again.

How we wandered—not daring to ask our way—how we lived, how we struggled through many a danger and still more terrors of danger, I shall not tell you now. I will only relate two of our adventures before we reached Frankfort. The first, although fatal to an innocent lady, was yet, I believe, the cause of my safety; the second I shall tell you that you may understand why I did not return to my former home, as I had hoped to do when we lay in the miller's loft, and I first became capable of groping after an idea of what my future life might be. Once, I remember—we must have been nearly three weeks wearily walking through unfrequented ways, day after day, not daring to make inquiry as to our whereabouts, nor yet to seem purposeless in our wanderings—we came to a kind of lonely road-side farrier's and blacksmith's. I was so tired that Amante declared that, come what might, we would stay there all night; and accordingly she entered the house, and boldly announced herself as a traveling tailor, ready to do any odd jobs of work that might be required for a night's lodging and food for herself and wife. She had adopted this plan once or twice before, and with good success; for her father had been a tailor in Rouen, and as a girl she had often helped him with his work, and knew the tailors' slang and habits, down to the particular whistle and cry which in France tell so much to those of a trade. The early November afternoon was closing into evening as we sat down—she cross-legged on the great table in the blacksmith's kitchen, drawn close to the window, I close behind her, sewing at another part of the same garment, and from time to time well scolded by my seeming husband. All at once she turned round to speak to me. It was only one word—"Courage!" I had seen nothing; I sat out of the light; but I turned sick for an instant, and then I braced myself up into a strange strength of endurance to go through I knew not what.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

TRIMMING THE CHURCH.

JEANIE SHERMAN, looking out of the front parlor windows of her father's country-house, through a little aperture she had rubbed in the beautiful frost-tracery with the rosy tip of her forefinger, saw the well-known figure of Fay Howard, well wrapped in furs, coming up the gravel walk.

An expression of mischievous delight passed over her pretty blonde face, and she hastened to admit him, beating the snow from his back and shoulders—she had to stand on tip-toe to reach them—with much unnecessary violence.

"Spare me, my dear!" cried Fay; "leave me a little breath, for I've got something very important to say."

"For the first time in your life, then! Come in and warm your large hands while you tell me what it is."

She pretended to assist him in removing his great-coat but hindered him very considerably, in reality, and taking a little lump of snow from his sleeve, adroitly transferred it to his neck, where, spite of his gymnastic contortions, it gradually melted, and caused him cold shivers of an unpleasant lengthiness.

For this trick he endeavored to punish her with a kiss. She submitted in the most lamb-like manner, apparently, until just as their lips were about to meet, when she dexterously slipped away from him, and ran into the parlor laughing like Tyll Eulenspiegel.

Fay, who would have liked for once in his life to get a reasonable and sincere reception from his little betrothed, followed her with a faint shadow on his face. She noticed it, and after the manner, I grieve to say, of young maidens generally, determined to torment him all the more.

"Now my frisky little friend," said the young man, taking a seat in a capacious arm-chair and extending his feet toward the cozy grate, wherein sparkled a mass of anthracitic comfort; "now girl, sit down here and be as quiet as a mouse till I tell you."

She came, demurely as possible, sat down on a great flowered ottoman, rested her arms on his chair, and looked up into his face with an infinitely bewitching expression.

"You must know," said he, "that I met Sedgwick and his cousin last night, and they told me that there was to be a grand straw-ride on Wednesday evening. It will be moonlight. Sedgwick's big sleigh will be on hand, with a farm-wagon body on the runners; lots of straw, and blankets, and shawls, and things; lots of pretty girls; lots of good fellows; lots of fun; Old Cæsar, with his fiddle; the new road to the Three-Mile Tavern; the old road back; dancing, oysters, singing, and other luxuries all the way there and back!"

"Dancing all the way?"

"No; dancing at the tavern; the other luxuries on the road."

"Oysters on the road?"

"Don't be absurd. What I want is to ask you to go with me. It will be, oh, splendid!"

"Wednesday night?"

"Yes."

"What time?"

"Start at about half-past seven or eight."

"Who is going?"

"The Sedgwicks, and Waynes, and that set. Fifteen in all, or maybe sixteen."

"Who is to drive?"

"Sedgwick's man."

"John?"

"No, Robert."

"Well, I can't go!"

"What! can't go!"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm engaged for Wednesday night."

"Oh no; are you?"

"I said I was."

"What engagement?"

"To go to ride, Mr. Curiosity!"

Howard bit his lip and colored a little.

"May I ask with whom?"

"With a gentleman."

"Won't he go with us?"

"I haven't inquired."

"Now this is too confoundedly bad! I half promised to bring you."

"Without consulting me at all! Thank you."

He arose, with a strong air of vexation.

"Well, I suppose what can't be cured must be endured, but I wish it hadn't happened so. If I can get them to postpone the straw-ride till Thursday, will you go?"

"I can not promise."

He looked sorrowfully into her eyes, and held out his hand rather coolly.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Down to Sedgwick's to tell them you won't come. Good-by."

"What is the use of going so soon? You're hardly warm yet."

"Never mind. I don't care for *outside* cold!"

"Now, Fay—are you angry?"

The sideways turn of her head, and the half-grieved, half-coquettish tone of her voice, were indescribably charming; but the young man's pride was a little touched, and he withstood every thing.

There was quite a shade of grief, mingled perhaps with fear, on the pretty blonde face, as she watched the retreating figure of her lover through the same feathery-frosted window-pane whence she had observed his approach.

The fact was, she had gone a little too far, and found it out a little too late. She loved Fay with her whole heart; but somehow, when they were together, she could not resist the temptation of tormenting him. Her engagement to go to ride with a gentleman, which she had audaciously given as a reason for declining Fay's invitation, consisted merely of an offer her brother—a lad of nineteen—had made to take her out in his sleigh 'any fine night while the moon lasted—say next Wednesday.' What she desired was to make her fiancé a trifle jealous; and after many earnest appeals on his part to tell him the truth of the case, and laugh him into good-humor.

He did not visit her again for a day or two, and when he did, preserved a most exasperating air of independence. She hoped he would say something further about the straw-ride, so that she could draw him into repeating his invitation; but he did not mention it until the morning of Wednesday, when he met her in the street.

"Morning, Jeanie," said he; "see what a splendid day it is! We shall have a delicious night for the ride."

"Are you going, then?"

"Going? Of course! I invited Susie Mitchell. Sorry you couldn't have gone, though."

"Susie Mitchell!"

This simple exclamation contained a volume of comments, unspoken, but easily understood. Perhaps I offer my readers a self-evident statement—a truism—in saying that these comments were not of a nature calculated to endear Miss Mitchell to Jeanie, had she known of them.

Every body said that Fay Howard outdid himself on Wednesday night. He was always an excellent man for a merry-making, but on this occasion he was preternaturally vivacious. Nobody danced so indefatigably, nobody sang so hilariously, nobody laughed so heartily, nobody said so many funny things: in a word, nobody seemed to enjoy the affair so thoroughly as Fay.

Meanwhile, Jeanie, terribly out of humor, held her brother to his promise, and took a dreary ride of a few miles, returning cold, regretful, and almost cynical, but with an inward resolve never to trifle with her lover again.

The next salutation that passed between Susie Mitchell and she was a study for a social philosopher.

Some little time afterward, when the whole matter had been explained, forgiven, and forgotten, with all the due forms and ceremonies incidental to a lover's reconciliation, Fay Howard sat in his office engaged upon a labor of love.

In his professional capacity of architect he was called on each year to superintend the trimming of the village church with evergreens—a pious task that, from time immemorial, had devolved upon the youths and maidens of Ingleton. Every Christmas some tasteful and clever one drew plans for the decorations, while others sought quantities of evergreen twigs in the woods. The church was then warmed, and all met there to make wreaths, stars, and festoons, which were finally arranged around the gallery, over the pulpit and organ, about the chandelier, and along the walls, presenting a most picturesque and Christmas-like *coup-d'œil.*

Fay's plans were nearly finished, and pleased him. He fancied, justly, that the decoration he had composed for the organ-loft, facing the pulpit, was really artistic; and he was in a condition of sublime good-nature and satisfaction with all things, therefore.

"Rat-tat-tat!" came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted he; but the visitor was timid and did not enter.

Fay arose, and, opening the door, found Miss Susie Mitchell standing hesitantly outside, doubtfully examining the little sign that announced the name and profession of the occupant in medieval letters.

"Ah, Miss Susie!" said he, cheerily. "I'm glad to see you. Come in."

The young lady entered, and accepted the best chair, which Fay politely offered her.

"I heard," she said, after a moment of silence, "that you had finished the plans for the church-trimming, and so I thought I would drop in, as I was passing, to look at them, if you would let me."

Fay, touched in a vulnerable point by this little evidence of appreciation, hastened to lay his drawings before her, and explained them with considerable enthusiasm, in which she had tact enough to join.

This young lady, by reason of long residence in New York, laid claims to a higher degree of refinement and social knowledge than the maidens of Ingleton aspired to. She was greatly given to reading poetry—not always very well selected; to playing operatic music on her piano—not always very well executed; to conversing on a variety of fashionable topics—not always very well understood; and, in fact, set up to be the æstheticienne (if I may coin a word where none other will answer) of the village. Rather pretty, with her long black ringlets, shadowy brown eyes, clear white complexion, and graceful carriage, she attracted all who met her for the first two or three times. After that her incompleteness began to appear; she exhausted her little stock of cheap accomplishments, and fell proportionately in the estimate of her companions.

Still, she was a cousin of the Sedgwicks—the wealthiest young men in Ingleton—and had enough judgment to make the best use of the little power that position gave her. There was nothing radically wrong or unpleasant about her; and when she praised Fay's designs, especially that for the organ-loft, he was disposed to treat her with great courtesy.

Her attention being attracted by some of the young architect's water-color sketches that ornamented the walls—little landscapes, heads, knightly combats, illustrations of his favorite authors, etc., hastily but cleverly done—she proceeded to find in them certain evidences of great artistic talent, if not genius, and went quite into raptures over a weird, effective bit of light and shade, with a few lines from "The Lady of Shalatt" written beneath it:

"Often through the silent nights
A funeral, with chimes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot."

All this by no means displeased Fay, and they became very merry and sociable together. So much so, indeed, that they did not hear another faint tap at the door, thrice repeated. The one outside, however, heard Fay speaking, and fancied he said "Come in;" so she entered.

Fate is always amusing herself in a manner more or less cruel to young folk, and to young lovers particularly. In this instance, it was a cruel contrivance of Fate to send Jeanie Sherman to Fay Howard's office just when Susie Mitchell was there, and they were having a very agreeable time of it. They say that the blonde type is the angelic temperament; but I can tell you that Jeanie looked any thing but angelic when she saw who was Fay's visitor.

"I came, Fay," said she, with any amount of quiet wickedness in her voice, "to see your designs for the church; but if you are occupied, I'll call another time!"

Fay cast an imploring glance toward her, and, pretending not to hear the last part of her sentence, showed her the drawings with astonishing alacrity.

Miss Susie was dignified and polite to an awful degree; Jeanie was crimson of cheek and glittering of eye; poor Fay was worse embarrassed than Captain Macheath ever dreamed of being with his two "dear charmers;" and, altogether, the scene would have been inexpressibly funny to any body who might have been present save the three personages concerned.

With that tender love for each other's companionship that the young ladies must have felt they departed together, leaving the architect in some doubt as to whether he should lunch on sandwiches or hydrocyanic acid. Fortunately for my story, the former prevailed.

That night he called upon Jeanie, to reassure her of his entire devotion to her, but she had gone to pass the evening elsewhere, and he was disappointed. On the following day affairs assumed a darker complexion even than before. Walking from his lodgings to his office he overtook Miss Susie, who immediately entered into conversation with him, and accompanied him as far as he was going. On the way they met Jeanie, face to face, and the manner with which she bade them good-morning showed that she drew the most serious inferences from these unlucky accidents.

Of course that divine and humanizing old institution, village gossips, soon got hold of the morsel thus afforded. Some said Fay was to blame, some said Jeanie, but all agreed in making the facts look twice as bad as they were. New causes of quarrel grew up through the exaggerations of Madame Grundy, and, finally, two days before Christmas, when Fay wrote a short, touching note, praying Jeanie to see him, and hear his explanations from his own lips, that they might once more work lovingly side by side on the decorations of the church, she returned the billet unopened.

The next day Fay packed up his trunks and departed, to the immense surprise and great sorrow of half Ingleton, for New York.

Never having been similarly situated, I can not be expected to tell how Jeanie felt when she heard of it. I do know, however, that she grew very pale and listless during the two months that followed his sudden exodus, and was not seen at any of the numerous festive occasions for which Ingleton is rather famous in winter. She no longer seemed to care for any thing, and moped about the house in such a sad, weary, but uncomplaining way, that her parents were much alarmed.

De facto, she felt that she had used Fay very badly. After all, there was no positive evidence that his affections had changed from her to Miss Susie. Circumstances certainly looked questionable; but that letter *might* have settled all diffi-

D. F. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION, AND MINISTER OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

culties, she thought, and many and bitter were the tears she wept in repenting her severity. She firmly expected him to write again when she returned his note, but had calculated too strongly on his love, and not strongly enough on his pride, making the same error as on the occasion of the straw-ride.

But tears, and paleness, and apathy were of no avail. He had gone, and gone in anger. The gossips had their nine days of idle talk, of praise and blame, ill conceived and worse spoken. The young people sighed for their light-hearted and pleasant friend for a while, and then, intent on their own little comedies, let him pass to a sort of easy half-oblivion.

A year rolled around, and shortly before Christmas young Sedgwick received a packet from New York, which, being opened, proved to contain a wonderfully elaborate and beautiful set of designs, somewhat similar, but decidedly superior, to those that Fay Howard had executed the year before. A brief note accompanied them:

"DEAR SEDGWICK,—I have amused myself, in spare moments, by designing the Xmas decorations for your church, which I inclose to you. Ask our friends to accept them in the name of FAY HOWARD."

There was no address given, no clew by which a communication could have been made to reach him; and when Jeanie Sherman read the note she felt how completely she and Fay were separated, and shed more tears, and wore a sadder, paler face than ever.

Through the snowy and moonlit village, with its vista of white-roofed houses, walked Fay Howard, well wrapped in his great-coat, with the red light of his cigar glimmering periodically from under his mustache.

He took his way directly to the hotel, where the landlord looked in wonderment upon him, and "wanted tu kneow" a good deal more than Fay told him.

"What is that light in the church windows?" asked the young man, as soon as he had arranged his external toilet a little.

"They're trimming it, Sir, with Chris'-mas-green."

"Ah, I thought so. Give me the key to my room. I'll be back late, perhaps."

He took the key, and recrossed the common to the little church, pausing a moment to glance over the ancient churchyard, beneath whose snow-capped gravestones slept the Ingleton dead of nearly two centuries. Then he ascended the steps, noiselessly entered the vestibule, and stood with his hand upon the latch of the baize-covered door.

A demon of unrest had haunted him ceaselessly ever since the cold Christmas weather had set in. It had seemed to him that he must see Jeanie once more at that blessed season, or die before the New Year was born. Pursued by this idea, and a mysterious prescience of coming joy, he had hastened back to Ingleton. Here he was at the church door, and he knew that she must be inside. He entered, trembling.

There was much joy among the young folk, and many were the greetings he received—many and warm. Last of all came Jeanie Sherman, worn and weary-looking, but no longer pale. The riotous blood, knowing that neither voice nor eye could find strength to welcome him, rushed up into her cheeks and dyed them crimson, as a signal of the great joy she could not otherwise express. Their words were few, and merely kind, without reference to the past or the future. Each marked the changes sorrow had wrought in the other, but neither mentioned them, and after a brief space, when all the commonplaces of welcome were over, Fay went quietly to work, explaining the more intricate portions of his designs, and assisting his friends to arrange the evergreens.

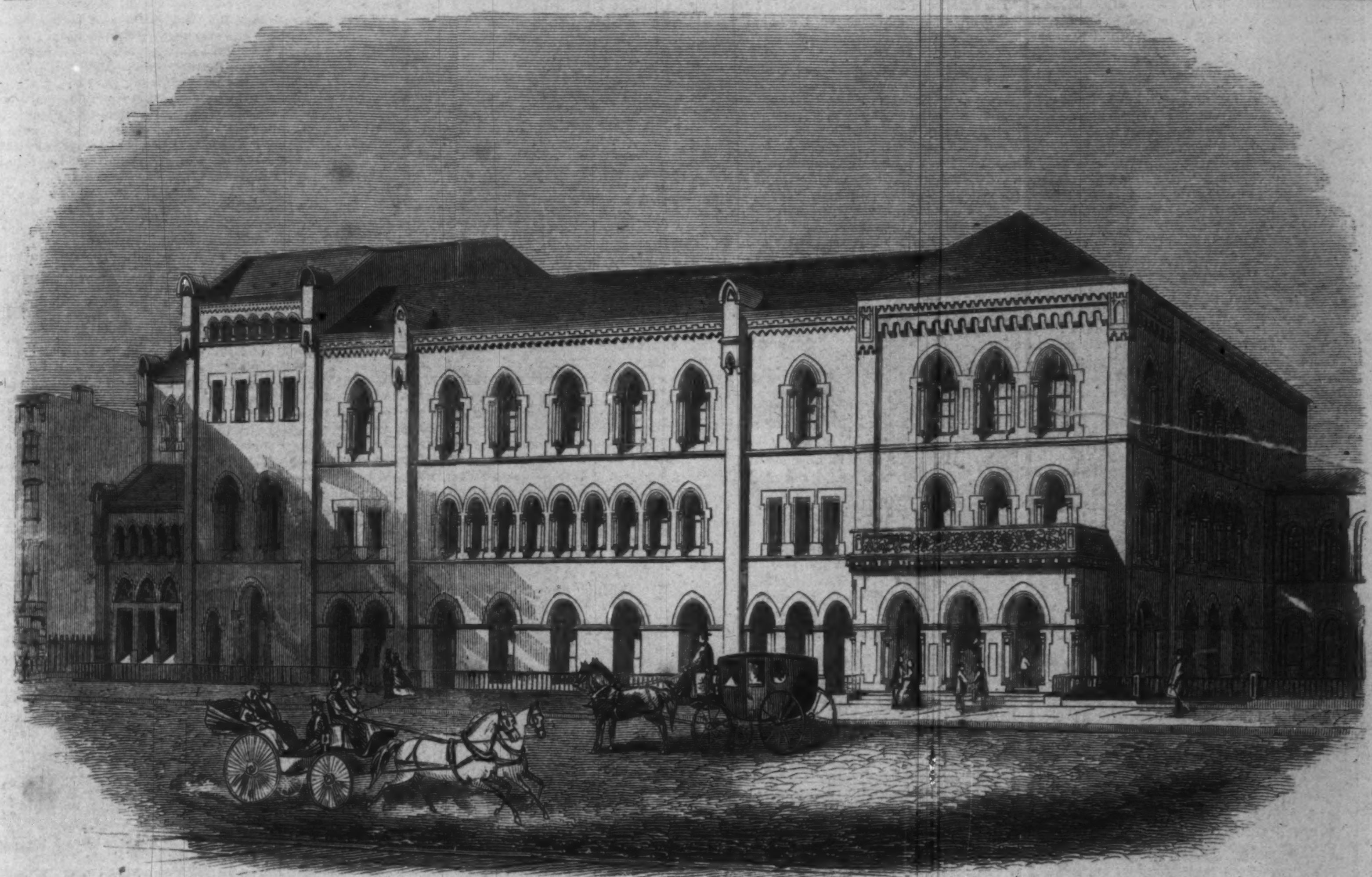
The chains that are stronger than links of steel and bands of iron soon worked their simple miracle, and brought Fay and Jeanie side by side. It was a little embarrassing at first, and they kept silence. At length he spoke: "Had you forgot-

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS

AN old Man had many Sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his Sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his Sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed them to this effect: "O, my Sons, behold the power of unity: for if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly conjoined in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you!"

MORAL.—Union is Strength.



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—EXTERIOR.—[See Page 78.]

ten me, Jeanie?"—really a very absurd question, and quite malapropos.

"No, indeed!"

"I thought you would"—really a very untrue statement.

"Did you? Oh, Fay!"

"I thought you wished to."

"And you hated me?"

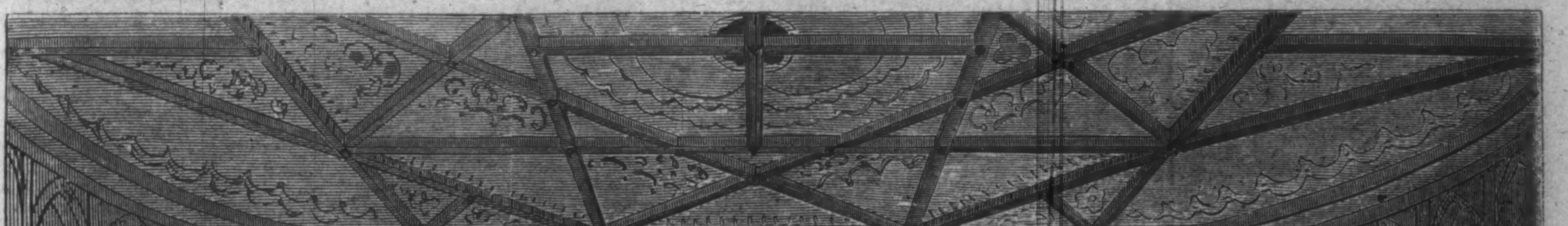
"No, Jeanie, just the opposite—always!"

"And you could forgive me?"

"I hardly know which should forgive the other, Jeanie; but here, in this place, where we have so often listened together to the words of peace, is it not well for us to make our peace?"

She gave him her hand, quickly and silently, as they bent over their evergreens, and the spirit of the olden time came back to them, hallowed, chastened, and made earnest by the grief through which they had passed.

On Christmas morning all the good people of



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR. OPENING CONCERT ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1861.—[See Page 78.]

Ingleton were loud in their praises of the manner in which the church was trimmed. Nothing, it seemed to them, could be more beautiful than the decorations, so artistically planned, so deftly arranged.

But there was something more beautiful. It was a group of young girls—fresh, rosy, and clad in spotless white—attended by intelligent and courtly companions. In the midst of these were Fay Howard and Jeanie Sherman, arrayed in the garb of hymeneal festivity. They entered at the close of the service, and, taking their places before the venerable pastor, were joined in that bond which makes two hearts one—the highest, holiest, of all human sacraments.

"Love," saith the Apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HON. D. F. JAMIESON.

THE Hon. D. F. JAMIESON, of whom we this week present our readers a faithful portraiture, was born some fifty-two years ago in Orangeburg District, South Carolina. His ancestors, a few generations back, were Scotch and German. Some of them acquired a local distinction as partisan leaders in the Revolution. Mr. Jamieson inherited from his parents a handsome property, enough for independence. He is a graduate of South Carolina College. Shortly after leaving college he was admitted to the bar, but soon retired from practice. He was then elected to the State Legislature, and continued to be returned to his seat, year after year. He for many years held the commission of Brigadier-General in the State Service, and had command of a splendid brigade of cavalry, in which branch of the military service he took delight.

In literature Mr. Jamieson has an honestly earned though necessarily limited reputation. In their time he was a frequent contributor to the *Southern Quarterly*, to the *Southern and Western*, and to *Russell's Magazine*. To the second-named magazine he contributed a series of papers setting forth the Scripture argument in defense of slavery. For the past three years his attention has been engaged upon a work entitled "A History of the Life and Times of Bertrand de Guesclin," the well-known hero of France, and, in his day, the best representative of its chivalry.

In 1860 Mr. Jamieson removed from Orangeburg to Barnwell District, and became the next-door neighbor of the distinguished Southern poet, historian, and novelist, W. Gilmore Simms. On the 6th day of December last the people of Barnwell elected him to be their representative in the Sovereign Convention of South Carolina. That Mr. Jamieson was chosen President of that memorable body, and now holds the position of Secretary of War to the Palmetto Republic, are facts so well known that we need not dwell upon them here.

Mr., or, as he is more commonly called, General Jamieson, is a cotton planter, and has a fine estate of two thousand acres, worked by some seventy negroes. As a man he is gentle, unaffected, and earnest. From an extensive course of reading he possesses resources which make him quite at home in all topics of literature, politics, and sociology. He has a clear, vigorous, and comprehensive mind; but, lacking in brilliancy, his logic seldom calls for aid to the faculties of fancy and imagination. With morals unstained by reproach, with a character guiltless of blemish, no man is more highly esteemed by all who know him than General D. F. Jamieson.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

WE publish on page 76, from a photograph kindly sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a picture of the Washington Artillery of that city.

This is the largest and most efficient corps in this branch of the service among the citizen soldiers of Charleston, having a roll of 150 active members. A detachment of this corps is at present stationed at Fort Moultrie, where, in the late attack upon the steamship *Star of the West*, they gave strong evidence of what may be expected at their hands should Charleston be invaded. When the ordinance of secession was passed this corps was the first to offer its services to the State. Their arms are six brass field-pieces, and Minié muskets with Maynard primers.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Tuesday 15th and Thursday 17th inst., the Brooklyn Academy of Music was formally opened by a concert and a ball, and we take this opportunity of presenting our readers with two views of it—one showing the interior, the other the exterior.

Some three years have elapsed since the project of an Academy of Music in Brooklyn began to assume reality. Several enterprising citizens of Brooklyn, dissatisfied with the want of a suitable room for concerts, canvassed their friends, and found that people were willing to subscribe money for the purpose of erecting an academy that should be worthy of the city. Prominent among these were Mr. Luther B. Wyman, S. B. Chittenden, E. Whitehouse, John J. Ryan, etc. A sum of $150,000 was at once subscribed, and this was subsequently increased to $200,000; the work was placed in the hands of experienced architects; and so, now, after many weary months of waiting and disappointment, the Brooklyn Academy is placed in the hands of its owners, complete, perfect, and free of debt.

The building is of brick, with decorations of Dorchester stone. The windows, which are Gothic, are faced with stone, with a large brick inserted into the centre of their arched stone cappings. There are seven entrances, the chief of which are through a portico whose arches and pillars combine massive strength with lightness and grace. The exterior of the building is said to be finer than that of any other Academy of Music in the world.

The interior comprises a theatre, a concert-hall, dressing and chorus rooms, a green-room, a kitchen, store-rooms, etc., etc. The theatre will seat 2200 people, every one of whom can see the stage conveniently. There are no less than twelve proscenium boxes. The whole theatre is elaborately decorated in the Gothic style, and the effect, when lit up by gas and filled with handsome women and brave men, is very striking. The concert-hall is 89 feet long by 43 wide and 45 high—a very beautiful room indeed. The smaller rooms are convenient; the kitchen baronial, and suggestive of such feasts as our ancestors used to have in the days of the Tudors. Space compels us to curtail this description, which might be prolonged to any length. Our Brooklyn neighbors have certainly achieved a triumph in their Academy; and the effect of such a building on the study of music and the popularity of lectures—both powerful agents of civilization—can not fail to be felt.

TOO LATE.

HUSH! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside;
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;
Now—how still the Violets
Lie upon her Heart!

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread;
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;
Brought her home at last;
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home, and pride,
To see her just look happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened,
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still—one pain
Was beyond them: healing
Came to day—in vain!

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;
Many a weary year,
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand;
See—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest;
Well—I should not murmur,
For God judges best,

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

A BITTER THOUGHT.

I HAVE a bitter Thought, a Snake
That used to sting my life to pain.
I strove to cast it far away,
But every night and every day
It crawled back to my heart again.

It was in vain to live or strive,
To think of sleep, to work or pray;
At last I bade this thing accursed
Gnaw at my heart, and do its worst,
And so I let it have its way.

Thus said I: "I shall never fall
Into a false and dreaming peace,
And then awake, with sudden start,
To feel it biting at my heart,
For now the pain can never cease."

But I gained more; for I have found
That such a snake's envenomed charm
Must always, always find a part,
Deep in the centre of my heart,
Which it can never wound or harm.

It is coiled round my heart to-day.
It sleeps at times, this cruel snake,
And while it sleeps it never stings:—
Hush! let us talk of other things,
Lest it should hear me and awake.

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WELL, what next? have you bethought you of any thing more to charge me with?" cried a large full man, whose angry look and manner showed how he resented these cheatings.

I staggered back sick and faint, for the individual before me was Crofton, my kind host of long ago in Ireland, and from whose hospitable roof I had taken such an unceremonious departure.

"Who are you?" cried he, again. "I had hoped to have paid every thing and every body. Who are you?"

Wishing to retire unrecognized, I stammered out something very unintelligibly indeed about my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant journey to him, retreating all the while toward the door.

"It's all very well to wish the traveler a pleasant journey," said he, "but you innkeepers ought to bear in mind that no man's journey is rendered more agreeable by roguery. This house is somewhat dearer than the Clarendon in London, or the Hôtel du Rhin at Paris. Now, there might be perhaps some pretext to make a man pay smartly who travels post, and has two or three servants with him, but what excuse can you make for charging some poor devil of a foot traveler, taking his humble meal in the common room, and, naturally enough, of the commonest fare, for making him pay eight florins—eight florins and some kreutzers—for his dinner? Why, our dinner here for two people was handsomely paid at six florins ahead, and yet you bring in a bill of eight florins against that poor wretch."

I saw now, that, what between the blinding effects of his indignation, and certain changes which time and the road had worked in my appearance, it was more than probable I should escape undetected, and so I affected to busy myself with some articles of his luggage that lay scattered about the room until I could manage to slip away.

"Touch nothing, my good fellow!" cried he, angrily; "send my own people here for these things. Let my courier come here—or my valet."

This was too good an opportunity to be thrown away, and I made at once for the door, but at the same instant it was opened, and Mary Crofton stood before me. One glance showed me that I was discovered, and there I stood, speechless with shame and confusion. Rallying, however, after a moment, I whispered, "Don't betray me," and tried to pass out. Instead of minding my entreaty, she set her back to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,

"Don't you know whom we have got here?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed he.

"Can not you recognize an old friend, notwithstanding all his efforts to cut us?"

"Why—what—surely it can't be—it's not possible—eh?" And by this time he had wheeled me round to the strong light of the window, and then, with a loud burst, he cried out, "Potts, by all that's ragged! Potts himself! Why, old fellow, what could you mean by wanting to escape us?" and he wrung my hand with a cordial shake that at once brought the blood back to my heart, while his sister completed my happiness by saying,

"If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."

I made an effort to say something—any thing, in short—but not a word would come. If I was overjoyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was no less overwhelmed with shame; and there I stood, looking very pitiably from one to the other, and almost wishing that I might faint outright, and so finish my misery.

With a woman's fine tact Mary Crofton seemed to read the meaning of my suffering, and, whispering one word in her brother's ear, she stepped away and left us alone together.

"Come," said he, good-naturedly, as he drew his arm inside of mine, and led me up and down the room, "tell me all about it. How have you come here? What are you doing?"

I have not the faintest recollection of what I said. I know that I endeavored to take up my story from the day I had last seen him, but it must have proved a very strange and bungling narrative, from the questions which he was forced occasionally to put, in order to follow me out.

"Well," said he, at last, "I will own to you that, after your abrupt departure, I was sorely puzzled what to make of you, and I might have remained longer in the same state of doubt, when a chance visit that I made to Dublin led me to Dycer's, and there, by a mere accident, I heard of you—heard who you were, and where your father lived. I went at once and called upon him, my object being to learn if he had any tidings of you, and where you then were. I found him no better informed than myself. He showed me a few lines you had written on the morning you left home, stating that you would probably be absent some days, and might be even weeks, but that since that date nothing had been heard of you. He seemed vexed and displeased, but not uneasy or apprehensive about your absence, and the same tone I observed in your college tutor, Doctor Tobin. He said: 'Potts will come back, Sir, one of these days, and not a whit wiser than he went. His self-esteem as to his capacity is in the reduplicate ratio of the inverse proportion of his ability, and he will be always a fool.' I wrote to various friends of ours traveling about the world, but none had met with you; and at last, when about to come abroad myself, I called again on your father, and found him just re-married."

"Re-married!"

"Yes! he was lonely, he said, and wanted companionship, and so on; and all I could obtain from him was a note for a hundred pounds, and a promise that, if you came back within the year, you should share the business of his shop with him."

"Never! never!" said I. "Potts may be the fool they deem him, but there are instincts and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"I now come to my own story. I left Ireland a day or two after and came to England, where business detained me some weeks. My uncle had died and left me his heir—not, indeed, so much as I had expected, but very well off for a man who had passed his life on very moderate means. There were a few legacies to be paid, and one which he especially intrusted to me by a secret paper, in the hope that, by delicate and judicious management, I might be able to persuade the person in whose interest it was bequeathed to accept. It was, indeed, a task of no common difficulty, the legatee being the widow of a man who had, by my uncle's cruelty, been driven to destroy himself. It is a long story, which I can not now enter upon; enough that I say it had been a trial of strength between two very vindictive unyielding men which should crush the other, and my uncle being the richer, and not from any other reason, conquered.

"The victory was a very barren one. It embittered every hour of his life after, and the only reparation in his power he attempted on his death-bed, which was to settle an annuity on the family of the man he had ruined. I found out once where they lived, and set about effecting this delicate charge. I will not linger over my failure—but it was complete. The family was in actual distress, but nothing would induce them to listen to the project of assistance; and, in fact, the indignation compelled me to retire from the attempt in despair. My sister did her utmost in the cause, but equally in vain, and we prepared to leave the place, much depressed and cast down by our failure. It was on the last evening of our stay at the inn of the little village, a townsman of the place, whom I had employed to aid my attempt by his personal influence with the family, asked to see me and speak with me in private.

"He appeared to labor under considerable agitation, and opened our interview by bespeaking my secrecy as to what he was about to communicate. It was to this purport: A friend of his own, engaged in the Baltic trade, had just declared to him that he had seen W., the person I alluded to, working as a common porter on the quay at Riga, that he traced him to his lodging, but, on inquiring for him the next day, he was not to be found, and it was then ascertained that he had left the city. W. was, it would seem, a man easily recognized, and the other declared that there could not be the slightest doubt of his identity. The question was a grave one how to act, since the assurance company with which his life was insured were actually engaged in discussing the propriety of some compromise by paying to the family a moiety of the policy, and a variety of points arose out of this contingency; for while it would have been a great cruelty to have conveyed hopes to the family that might, by possibility, not be realized, yet, on the other hand, to have induced them to adopt a course on the hypothesis of his death when they believed him still living, was almost as bad.

"I thought for a long while over the matter, and with my sister's counsel to aid me, I determined that we should come abroad and seek out this man, trusting that, if we found him, we could induce him to accept of the legacy which his family rejected. We obtained every clew we could think of to his detection. A perfect description of him, in voice, look, and manner; a copy of his portrait, and a specimen of his handwriting; and then we bethought ourselves of interesting you in the search. You were rambling about the world in that idle and desultory way in which any sort of a pursuit might be a boon, as often in the by-paths as on the high roads you might chance to hit off this discovery in some remote spot, or, at all events, find some clew to it. In a word, we grew to believe, that, with you to aid us, we should get to the bottom of this mystery; and now that by lucky chance we have met you, our hopes are all the stronger."

"You'll think it strange," said I, "but I already know something of this story; the man you allude to was Sir S——."

"How on earth have you guessed that?"

"I came by the knowledge on a railroad journey, where my fellow-passengers talked over the event, and I subsequently traveled with Sir S——'s daughter, who came abroad to fill the

station of a companion to an elderly lady. She called herself Miss Herbert."

"Exactly! The widow resumed her family name after W.'s suicide—if it were a suicide."

"How singular to think that you should have chanced upon this link of the chain! And do you know her?"

"Intimately; we were fellow-travelers for some days."

"And where is she now?"

"She is, at this moment, at a villa on the Lake of Como, living with a Mrs. Keates, the sister of her Majesty's Envoy at Kalbbratenstadt."

"You are marvelously accurate in this narrative, Potts," said he, laughing; "the impression made on you by this young lady can scarcely have been a transient one."

I suppose I grew very red—I felt that I was much confused by this remark—and I turned away to conceal my emotion. Crofton was too delicate to take any advantage of my distress, and merely added:

"From having known her, you will naturally devote yourself with more ardor to serve her. May we then count upon your assistance in our project?"

"That you may," said I. "From this hour I devote myself to it."

Crofton at once proposed that I should order my luggage to be placed on his carriage and start off with them; but I firmly opposed this plan. First of all, I had no luggage, and had no fancy to confess as much; secondly, I resolved to give at least one day for Väterchen's arrival—I'd have given a month rather than come down to the dreary thought of his being a knave, and Tintenfleck a cheat! In fact, I felt that if I were to begin any new project in life with so black an experience that every step I took would be marked with distrust and tarnished with suspicion. I therefore pretended to Crofton that I had given rendezvous to a friend at Lindau, and could not leave without waiting for him. I am not very sure that he believed me, but he was most careful in not dropping a word that might show incredulity; and once more we addressed ourselves to the grand project before us.

"Come in, Mary!" cried he, suddenly rising from his chair, and going to meet her. "Come in, and help us by your good counsel."

It was not possible to receive me with more kindness than she showed. Had I been some old friend who came to meet them there by appointment, her manner could not have been more courteous nor more easy; and when she learned from her brother how warmly I had associated myself in this plan she gave me one of her pleasantest smiles, and said,

"I was not mistaken in you."

With a great map of Europe before us on the table we proceeded to plan a future line of operations. We agreed to take certain places, each of us, and to meet at certain others, to compare notes and report progress. We scarcely permitted ourselves to feel any great confidence of success, but we all concurred in the notion that some lucky hazard might do for us more than all our best-devised schemes could accomplish; and, at last, it was settled that, while *they* took Southern Germany and the Tyrol, *I* should ramble about through Savoy and Upper Italy, and our meeting-place be at Genoa, on exactly that day three months. The great railway centres, where Englishmen of every class and gradation were much employed, offered the best prospect of meeting with the object of our search, and these were precisely the sort of places such a man would be certain to resort to.

Our discussion lasted so long that the Croftons put off their journey till the following day, and we dined all together very happily, never wearied of talking over the plan before us, and each speculating as to what share of acuteness he could contribute to the common stock of investigation. It was when Crofton left the room to search for the portrait of Whalley that Mary sat down at my side, and said:

"I have been thinking for some time over a project in which you can aid me greatly. My brother tells me that you are known to Miss Herbert. Now I want to write to her; I want to tell her that there is one who, belonging to a family from which hers has suffered heavily, desires to expiate so far, maybe, the great wrong, and, if she will permit it, to be her friend. While I can in a letter explain what I feel on this score, I am well aware how much aid it would afford me to have the personal corroboration of one who could say, 'She who writes this is not altogether unworthy of your affection; do not reject the offer she makes you, or, at least, reflect and think over it before you refuse it.' Will you help me so far?"

My heart bounded with delight as I first listened to her plan; it was only a moment that I remembered how difficult, if not impossible, it would be for me to approach Miss Herbert once more. How or in what character could I seek her? To appear before her in any feigned part would be, under the circumstances, ignoble and unworthy, and yet, was I, out of any merely personal consideration, any regard for the poor creature Potts, to forego the interests, mayhap the whole happiness, of one so immeasurably better and worthier? Would not any amount of shame and exposure to myself be a cheap price for even a small quantity of benefit bestowed on *her*? What signified it that I was poor and ragged—unknown, unrecognized—if *she* were to be the gainer? Would not, in fact, the very sacrifice of self in the affair be ennobling and elevating to me, and would I not stand better in my own esteem for this one honest act, than I had ever done after any mock success or imaginary victory?

"I think I can guess why you hesitate," cried she; "you fear that I will say something indiscreet—something that would compromise you with Miss Herbert—but you need not dread that; and, at all events, you shall read my letter."

"Far from it," said I; "my hesitation had a very different source. I was solely thinking whether, if you were aware of how I stood in my relations to Miss Herbert, you would have selected me as your advocate; and though it may pain me to make a full confession, you shall hear every thing."

With this I told her all—all, from my first hour of meeting her at the railway station to my last parting with her at Schaffhausen. I tried to make my narrative as grave and commonplace as might be, but, do what I would, the figure in which I was forced to present myself overcame all her attempts at seriousness, and she laughed immoderately. If it had not been for this burst of merriment on her part, it is more than probable I might have brought down my history to the very moment of telling, and narrated every detail of my journey with Väterchen and Tintenfleck. I was, however, warned by these circumstances, and concluded in time to save myself from this new ridicule.

"From all that you have told me here," said she, "I only see one thing—which is, that you are deeply in love with this young lady."

"No," said I; "I was so once, I am not so any longer. My passion has fallen into the chronic stage, and I feel myself her friend—only her friend."

"Well, for the purpose I have in mind this is all the better. I want you, as I said, to place my letter in her hands, and so, as far as possible, enforce its arguments—that is, try and persuade her that to reject our offers on her behalf is to throw upon us a share of the great wrong our uncle worked, and make us, as it were, participators in the evil he did them. As for myself," said she, boldly, "all the happiness that I might have derived from ample means is dashed with remembering what misery it has been attended with to that poor family. If you urge that one theme forcibly, you can scarcely fail with her."

"And what are your intentions with regard to her?" asked I.

"They will take any shape she pleases. My brother would either enable her to return home, and, by persuading her mother to accept an annuity, live happily under her own roof; or she might—if the idea of independence fires her—she might yet use her influence over her mother and sister to regard our proposals more favorably; or she might come and live with us, and this I would prefer to all; but you must read my letter, and more than once, too. You must possess yourself of all its details, and, if there be any thing to which you object, there will be time enough still to change it."

"Here he is—here is the portrait of our lost sheep," said Crofton, now entering with a miniature in his hand. It represented a bluff, bold, almost insolently bold man in full civic robes, the face not improbably catching an additional expression of vulgar pride from the fact that the likeness was taken in that culminating hour of greatness when he first took the chair as chief magistrate of his town.

"Not an over-pleasant sort of fellow to deal with, I should say," remarked Crofton. "There are some stern lines here about the corners of the eyes, and certain very suspicious-looking indentations next the mouth."

"His eye has no forgiveness in it," said his sister.

"Well, one thing is clear enough, he ought to be easily recognized; that broad forehead, and those wide-spread nostrils and deeply divided chin, are very striking marks to guide one.—I can not give you this," said Crofton to me, "but I'll take care to send you an accurate copy of it at the first favorable moment; meanwhile, make yourself master of its details, and try if you can not carry the resemblance in your memory."

"Disabuse yourself, too," said she, laughing, "of all this accessorial grandeur, and bear in mind that you'll not find him dressed in ermine, or surrounded with a collar and badge. Not very like his daughter, I'm sure," whispered she in my ear, as I continued to gaze steadfastly at the portrait. "Can you trace any likeness?"

"Not the very faintest; she is beautiful," said I, "and her whole expression is gentleness and delicacy."

"Well, certainly," said Crofton, shutting up the miniature, "these are not the distinguishing traits of our friend here, whom I should call a hard-natured, stern, obstinate fellow, with great self-reliance, and no great trust of others."

"I was just thinking," said I, "that were I to come up with such a man as this, what chance would my poor, frail, yielding temperament have in influencing the rugged granite of his nature? He'd terrify me at once."

"Not when your object was a good and generous one," said Miss Crofton. "You might well enough be afraid to confront such a man as this if your aim was to overreach and deceive him; but bear in mind the fable of the man who had the courage to take the thorn out of the lion's paw. The operation, we are told, was a painful one, and there might have been an instant in which the patient felt disposed to eat his doctor; but, with all these perils, strong in a good purpose, the surgeon persevered, and by his skill and his courage made the king of the beasts his fast friend for life. The lesson is worth remembering."

I was still pondering over this apophthegm when Crofton aroused me by pushing across the table a great heap of gold. "This is all yours, Potts," said he; "and remember, that as you are now my agent, traveling for the house of Crofton & Co., that you journey at my cost."

Of course I would not listen to this proposal, and although urged by Miss Crofton with all a woman's tact and delicacy, I persisted so firmly in my refusal that they were obliged to yield. I now had a hundred pounds all my own, and though the sum be not a very splendid one, I remember some French writer—I'm not sure it is not Jules Janin—saying, "Any man who can put his hand into his pocket and find five Napoleons there, is rich;" and he certainly supports his theory with considerable sophistry and cleverness, mainly depending on the assumption that any of the reasonable daily necessities of life, even in a luxurious point of view, are attainable with such means. Now, although a hundred pounds would not very long supply resources for such a life, yet, as I am not a Frenchman, nor living in Paris, still less had I habits or tastes of a costly kind, I might very well eke out three months pleasantly on this sum, and in these three months what might not happen? In a "hundred days" the great Napoleon crushed the whole might of the Austrian empire, and secured an emperor's daughter for his bride; and in another "hundred days" he made the tour of France, from Cannes to Rochefort, and lost an empire by the way! Wonderful things might then be compassed within three months.

"What are you saying about three months, Potts?" asked Crofton, for unwittingly I had uttered these words aloud.

"I was observing," said I, "that in three months from this day we should arrange to meet somewhere. Where shall we say?"

"Geneva is very central; shall we name Geneva?"

"Oh, on no account. Let our rendezvous be in Italy. Let us say Rome."

"Rome be it, then," cried Crofton. "Now for another point: let us have a wager as to who first discovers the object of our search. I'll bet you twenty Napoleons, Potts, to ten—for, as we are two to one, so should the wager be."

"I take you," cried I, entering into his humor, "and I feel as certain of success as if I had your money in my hand."

"Will you have another wager with *me*?" whispered Mary Crofton, as she came behind my chair. "It is, that you'll not persuade Miss Herbert to wear this ring for *my* sake."

"I'll bet my life on it," said I, taking the opal ring she drew from her finger, as she spoke; "I'm in that mood of confidence now, I feel there is nothing I could not promise."

"If so then, Potts, let me have the benefit of this fortunate interval, and ask you to promise me one thing, which is, not to change your mind more than twice a day; don't be angry with me, but hear me out. You are a good-hearted fellow, and have excellent intentions; I don't think I know one less really selfish, but at the same time you are so fickle of purpose, so undecided in action, that I'd not be the least astonished to hear, when we asked for you to-morrow at breakfast-time, that you had started for a tour in Norway, or on a voyage to the Southern Pacific."

"And is this your judgment of me also, Miss Crofton?" said I, rising from my seat.

"Oh no, Mr. Potts. I would only suspect you of going off into the Tyrol, or the Styrian Alps, and forgetting all about us, amidst the glaciers and the cataracts."

"I wish you a good-night, and a better opinion of your humble servant," said I, bowing.

"Don't go, Potts—wait a minute—come back. I have something to tell you."

I closed the door behind me, and hastened off, not, however, perfectly clear whether I was the injured man, or one who had just achieved a great outrage.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Working Farmer,

A large Agricultural Monthly Magazine,

(Regular Subscription price $1 00 per annum),

AND

Harper's Weekly,

For $2 40 a Year.

Both Papers for less than the Subscription Price of One.

The Working Farmer

Is Edited by PROF. J. J. MAPES, assisted by a Corps of Gentlemen who are practically engaged in conducting the several departments upon which they write.

VOL. 13 COMMENCES WITH JAN. 1ST, 1861.

Specimen copies sent free on application.

Remit subscription to

CHAS. V. MAPES,

126 and 128 Nassau, and 11 Beekman Street,

New York.

SORE CORNS and BUNIONS are really CURED by the use of SWISS CORN PLASTER. For sale by E. DUPUY, Druggist, No. 609 Broadway. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

Wedding Cards, Notes, &c.—All the new styles elegantly engraved at Everdell's Old Wedding Card Depot, 302 Broadway. See the new Envelopes, Satin Tie, &c. Specimens sent by mail to all parts of the country.

'Women of New York.'

MRS. HANKINS' Curious new Book of Female Characters in the City. Very interesting, and strictly moral. Fancy binding. 350 Pages. 50 Engravings. 36 Portraits. Mailed free for $1. AGENTS Wanted—Ladies and Teachers. Description of Book and Particulars mailed gratis. HANKINS & CO., 132 Nassau Street, New York.

BACK NUMBERS and BOUND VOLUMES of HARPER'S WEEKLY and MONTHLY MAGAZINE can always be had of A. WINCH, 320 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Spasmodic Asthma.

The most severe cases of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma*, and in no instance has it failed to give immediate relief. Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all Druggists at $1 00 per bottle.

MITCHELL'S SILVER OIL

For Sewing Machines.

CARLE & STRONG, Agents, 153 Water Street, N. Y.

A SENSATION NOVEL NOW READY.

The Shadow in the House.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

This novel has been pronounced by competent critics to be equal in power and interest to any novel ever written in this country or England.

M. DOOLADY, 49 Walker Street, N. Y.

Premature

Loss of the Hair,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

H. WORCESTER'S

IMPROVED PIANO FORTES,

Manufactory & Salesrooms,

14th St., cor. 3d Av., N. Y.

Marie Louise Hankins'

"Family Newspaper."

A Mammoth Pictorial, circulating among Families all over the American Continent—with **300,000** constant Readers. FIRST and only SUCCESSFUL Paper ever published by a LADY, and really the largest, handsomest, and best of the kind in the world, for only **75 cts.** a year, or **$1 00** for a year and a half. FIVE copies, $3 00; TEN copies, $5 00; One copy with "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" a year, $3 00; with "HARPER'S WEEKLY," $2 50. SPECIMEN copies mailed GRATIS.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED.

$3 A DAY to Females, School-Teachers, Postmasters, Clergymen and others. Address, MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO., 132 Nassau Street, New York.

Semmons & Co.,

Opticians,

No. 669½ Broadway, under the Lafarge House, N. Y.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.

In all cases where the depraved condition of the blood is evidenced by Eruptions, Blotches, or Sores, its operation will be found in the highest degree salutary.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

FARM WANTED.—An improved Farm, of about 100 acres, within forty miles of New York City, and accessible by Railroad or Steamboat. Address, stating price, C. W., Box 1647, N. Y. Post Office.

FAMILY JOURNALS for 1861.

Now is the time to subscribe and make up clubs.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED:

One of the BEST FAMILY WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS IN THE WORLD. $2 a year, or $1 for half a year.

"It is of large size, and of faultless typography. Almost every branch of human knowledge is treated by able writers."

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL:

Devoted to Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice; to Physiology and Anatomy, with numerous Illustrations; and to the laws which govern LIFE and HEALTH. $1 a year.

"The most popular Health Journal in the world."—[Ev. Post.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

Devoted to Phrenology, Education, Self-culture; designed for the Elevation and Improvement of Mankind. $1 a year.

"Devoted to the highest happiness and interest of man, written in a clear and lively style, afforded at the 'low price' of one dollar a year, it must succeed in running up its present large circulation to a much higher figure.—[N. Y. Tribune.

For THREE DOLLARS ($3) a copy of each of these three Journals will be sent one year. Specimens sent free. Club terms liberal. Address

FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

PREVENTS CROUP.—DR. FOOTE'S MAGNETIC CROUP TIPPET, worn at night, is *warranted* to prevent Croup. Price $1. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price, by Dr. E. B. FOOTE, No. 546 Broadway, N. Y.

GREAT CURE.—DOCTOR LELAND'S Anti-Rheumatic Band permanently cures Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgia. Price $3 00. Sent per mail. Descriptive Circulars sent free.

G. SMITH & CO., Sole Proprietors,

409 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have Just Published:

I.

ONE OF THEM. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Gerald Fitzgerald," "The Dodd Family," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

II.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, with the Hymns, Epigrams, and Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Literally translated, with Explanatory Notes, by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

III.

HERODOTUS. Recensuit JOSEPHUS WILLIAMS BLAKESLEY, S.T.B. Coll. ss. Trin. apud Cantabr. Quondam Socius. 2 vols. 18mo, Flexible Binding, 80 cents.

IV.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF QUADRUPEDS and other Mammalia. Illustrated with Sixty-one Engravings, by W. HARVEY. Square 4to, Muslin, 75 cents.